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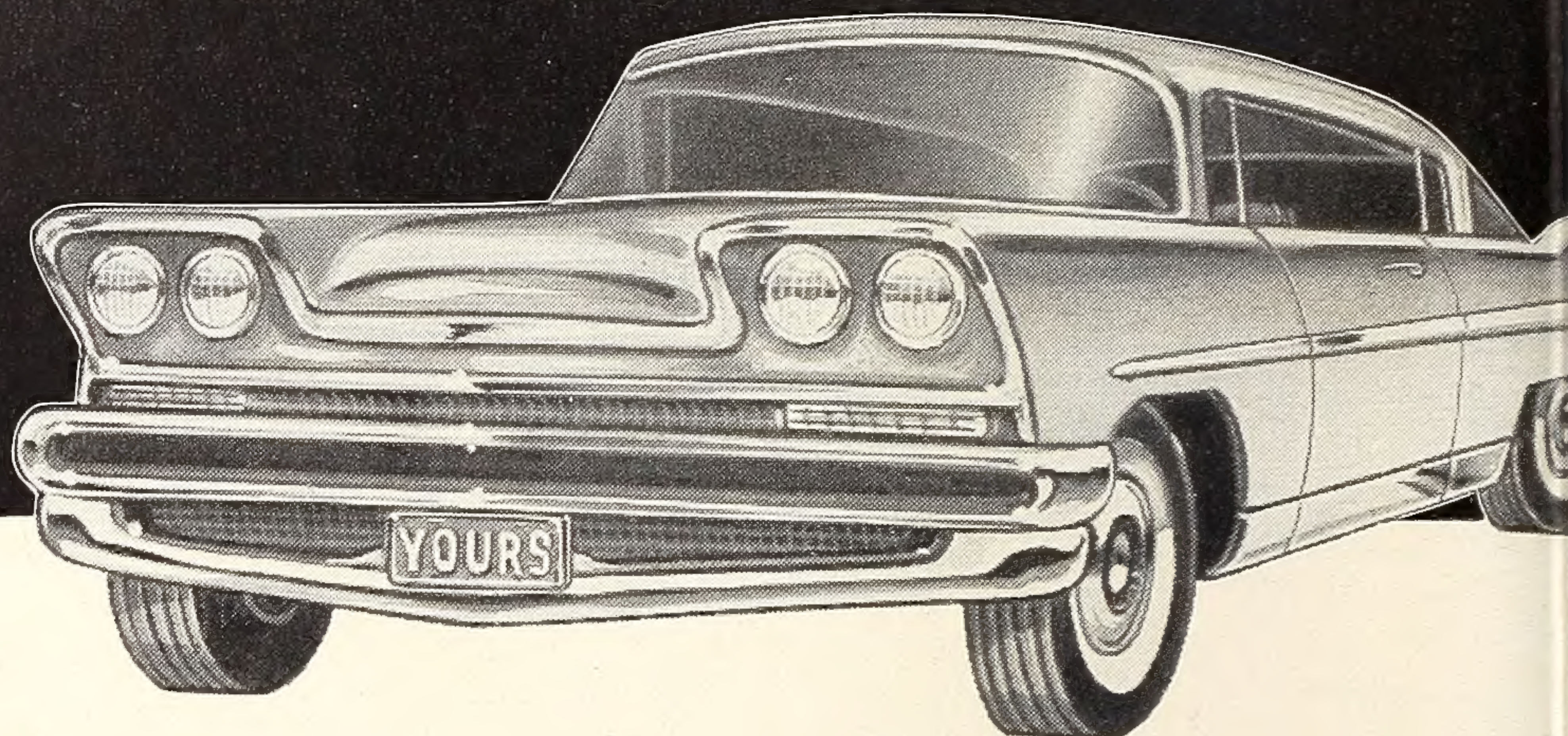
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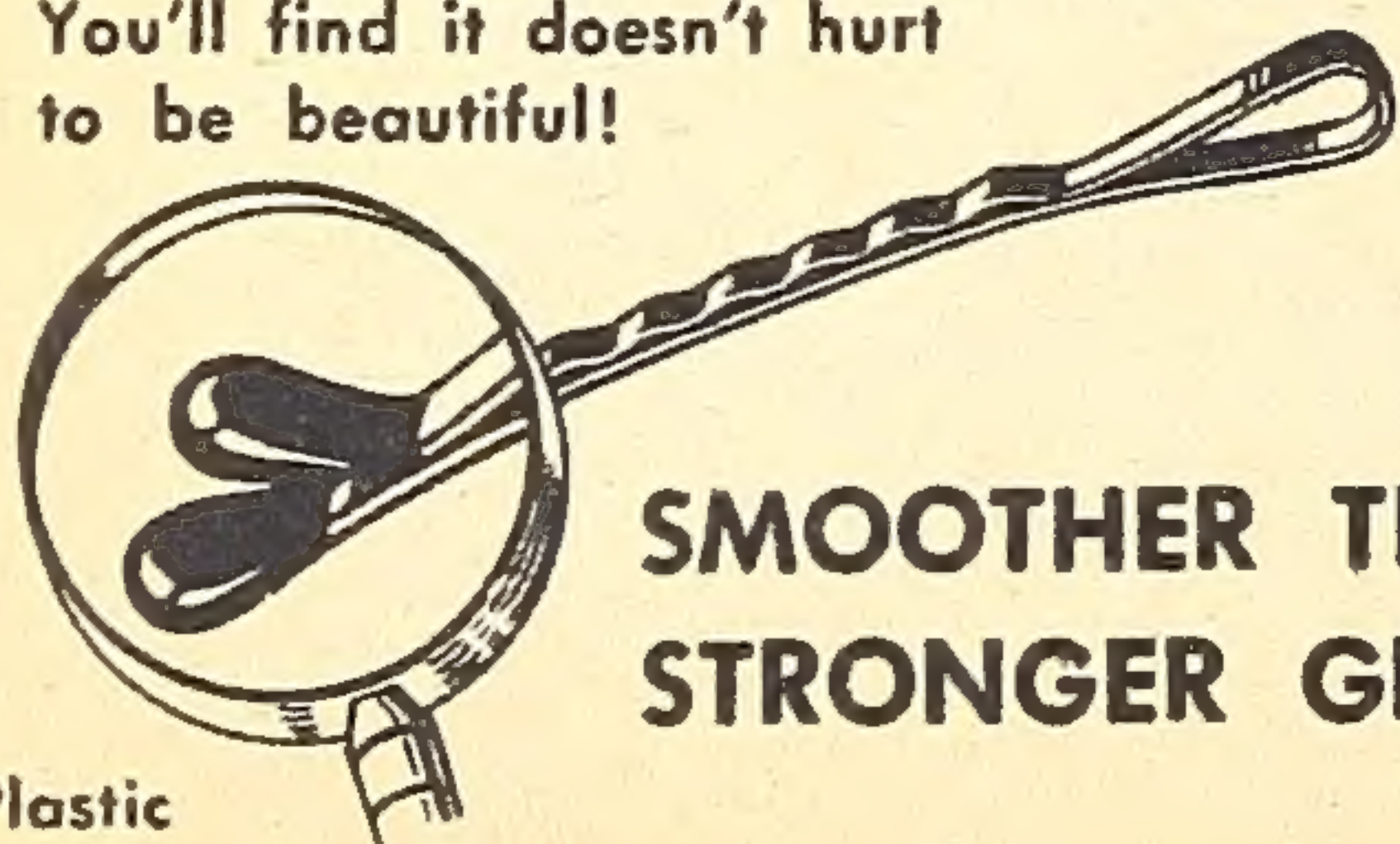
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# Screenland

PLUS  
**TV-LAND**

Volume 61, No. 5

March, 1960

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**ON THE COVER: ELIZABETH TAYLOR STARRING  
IN COLUMBIA'S "SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER"**

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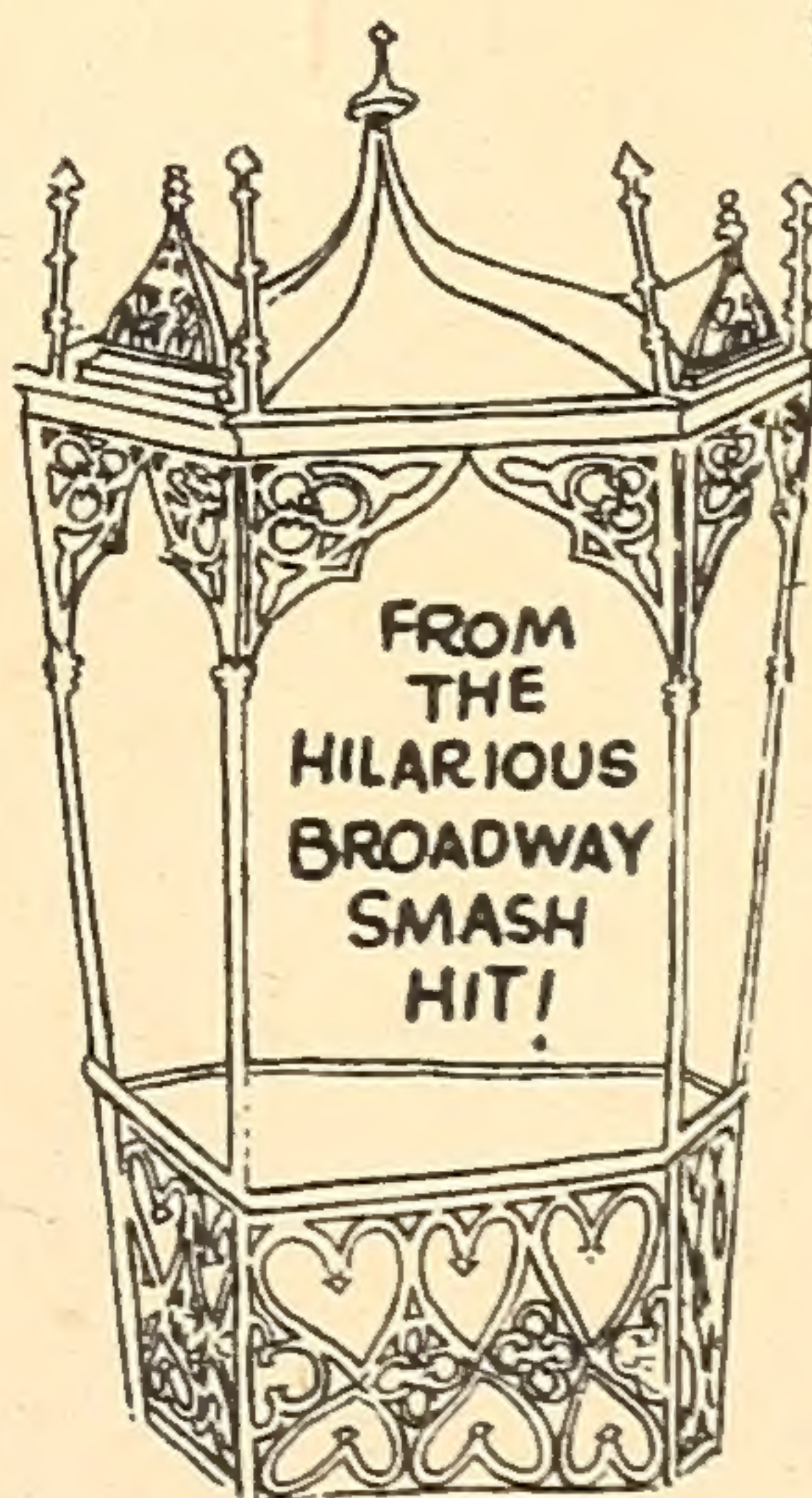
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# Sheilah Graham's

## HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Is the stork calling again on Marilyn Monroe?
- Elvis to head straight for Hollywood



**I**F THE Brigitte Bardot baby is a girl, she will send her back. B.B. has her heart set on a boy and she wants to call him Nicholas—that's what she told visiting American-from-Paris star, Eddie Constantine. . . . Dope as a subject is on the Hollywood film agenda again. There's Shelley Winter's "Epitaph For George Dillon", and "Confessions Of An Opium Eater", and an excellent documentary from Canada, "Monkey On My Back"—same title as Cameron Mitchell's movie about drugs.

Bobby Darin—and he sure to spell that with one r—is in love with a singer in New York but won't marry her because he says he is not yet secure in his career. I had a long talk with Bobby and this Dream Lover-Mack The Knife didn't seem the 'afraid' type to me. I guess he's not in love enough. . . . Jean Simmons, who never stops working, is fed up with so many partings from husband Stewart Granger and will refuse pictures that keep them apart for too long.

You'll see a whole slewful of walkouts when the current contracts for top TV western stars are completed. Bob Horton

has decided he will not sign again when "Wagon Train" reaches the end of the line in 1961. And ditto for Chester, Dennis Weaver, who only has one more season to go with "Gunsmoke". . . . When Elvis Presley comes a-marching home in March, he'll head straight for dear old Hollywood after a stopover in New York for some big TV spots. He'd like to meet Fabian, who looks like his first cousin.

Doris Day wasn't too happy over the ads for her "Pillow Talk" with Rock Hudson. There was Rock surrounded by four girls, Doris was one of them. And as the top lady at the box-office, she rated a better spot. . . . Ingrid Bergman has agreed to come to Hollywood to make a film next winter. Paris can be very cold through December to April—colder even than Rossellini across a crowded courtroom. . . . Jerry Lewis says only nice things about ex-partner Dean Martin. Not so Dean. Why? . . . I'd like to see Dean break loose a bit from The Clan. It's fine and dandy to make pictures and appear all the time with Clan Pal Frank Sinatra. But not all the time, especially on each other's TV shows. . . . Brother

*continued on page 8*



**EDDIE** Fisher busses Liz Taylor before a performance at New York's Waldorf-Astoria.



**DANCING** at a ball at the Cocoanut Grove are Donna Reed and husband Tony Owen.



This is the picture  
the public went  
wild about in  
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# James Garner and Natalie Wood in

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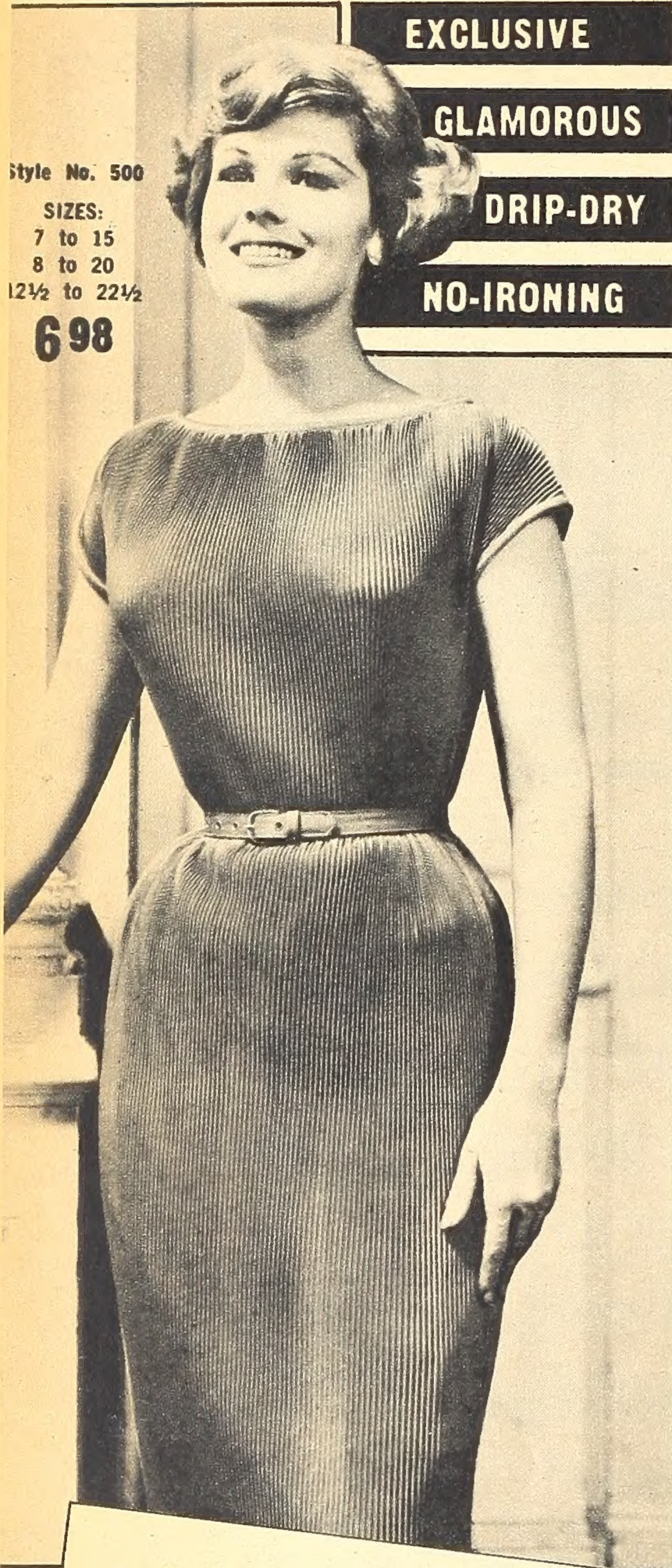
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## HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

Bing Crosby stepped in and tried to patch things up with Bob and June Crosby. If it isn't one Crosby in the news, it's another Crosby. . . . Looked like Mort Sahl and Phyllis Kirk were heading for the last round-up, until the pretty Phyllis started dating night club owner, Gene Norman. . . . And I'm still not holding my breath for the wedding of Lance Reventlow and Jill St. John. They could fool me of course. . . . Doctors are recommending writing as a release from inner tension. And Diane Varsi is one of the new authors. Her book is titled, "Love". . . . Tuesday Weld is too young to be so casual about her publicity. She sloughed off a request to pose for some photographs for TV Guide which only has a circulation of around seven million readers, claiming, "I don't believe this sort of publicity would be good for me." If this isn't, what is?

Shelley Winters shed 21 pounds during the last six months. Shelley is calm and very happy, with her personal and professional life. The former includes that attractive leading star, Anthony Franciosa. The latter, an upcoming play on Broadway and the role of a drug addict in the film, "Epitaph For George Dillon". . . . Shelley who believes in doing everything thoroughly, was researching some dope takers in New York's Greenwich Village, when she looked up, into the eyes of a policeman. When she explained, the man of the law stated derisively, "That will be some picture". . . . The rafters rang when Kirk Douglas and Kim Novak engaged in mighty battle during their picture, "Strangers When We Meet". But no one can stay mad with Kim for long, and before the film was finished, the two blonds were as coosome as, well, you name it.

I will take bets that unless Shirley MacLaine and husband Steve Parker manage to spend more time together, their



BEFORE leaving for location in Africa, Ferrer takes Audrey Hepburn to gala party

marriage will sooner or later be in ous trouble. Steve works mostly in Je as a picture producer. There must some films he can produce in this c try. . . . Ann Sothorn's pretty 15-year daughter, Pat, is modeling her mar isms on Brigitte Bardot's. To A amused consternation. . . . Mickey Ro looks more like his old man, Joe Y every day. Round as the moon.

Lucille Ball has tried everything, save her marriage. If Desi Arnaz trie hard, they could have a chance. Run a big studio, which Desi does, is a headache. You must have a certain of temperament to take it. . . . When the true story of Katharine Hepburn written? It beats all kinds of fiction like to know her better, and be on her friends. But Katie puts a barrier tween herself and the press. . . . Ma Brando is making New York his per ent home. He'd like to have son Chri in Manhattan for some months of year. It's all a question of waiting. dren usually make up their own m

continued on page



ENJOYING night out are Richard Egan and wife Patricia, currently awaiting the stork.



HAVING themselves a time at the Coo Grove are Danny and Rosemarie Thayer



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"You Can Win  
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# HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ Young Tuesday Weld changing her dating habits

★ A serious new heart interest for Joan Collins?

**BACHELOR BOY**—You "Kookie" fans can stop worrying that Edd Byrnes may be planning marriage since he bought that house above Coldwater Canyon. He's started furnishing it and it's completely masculine—a real bachelor's pad. The decor is modern, the view is Endsville. In his den he has his gold record for "Lend Me Your Comb", a canvas "director's chair" with his name on the back and his fine hi-fi equipment. He says he often hears his next door neighbor's over his own. The neighbor? Frank Sinatra. Edd continues dating Asa Maynor but his newest gal is Dorothy Johnson. They made "Life Begins At 17" together a couple of years ago but didn't date then. Edd invited her to the big Hollywood reception for Vice-President Nixon and Dottie nearly swooned when the Veep told Edd, "My daughters are two of your most devoted fans."

**CHAMP STUFF**—Ingemar Johansson, world's heavyweight champion, really clicked with the cinema cuties while he was making "All The Young Men". He

had lotsa dates with local lovelies but ran up a champ-sized phone bill calling his best girl, Birgit Lundgren, back in Sweden. Alan Ladd, one of the film's stars, had "Ingo" as his house guest while the champ was here. David Ladd was delighted; he had free boxing lessons daily! Incidentally, Ingo is no "amateur actor." He had previous film experience in Sweden and is studying drama. He photographs well, has an attractive, boyish face and his English is good, if not glib. He'll undoubtedly do more films here.

**DOUBLE SURPRISE**—Mickey Callan finished "Because They're Young" and rushed home to Philadelphia to surprise his sister by attending her engagement party. He had sent her a silver tea service and a note that he wouldn't be there. After a leisurely visit with his family he returned to Hollywood to a surprise of his own. His "best girl," Corlyn Chapman, had met Vic Damone in Las Vegas, where she's a dancer, and after four weeks of dating they announced they'd wed when Vic's divorce from Pier

Angeli is final! Mickey was more than slightly shook up! Since then he's been dating Connie Stevens. Connie, meantime, says Gary Clarke *still* is her Number One beau but they are *not* planning a February wedding as one columnist said.

**STATUS QUO**—Jack Lemmon and Felicia Farr continue romancing but still say they have no immediate marriage plans. Jack had almost a year between films because of production postponements. He had a long trip, through Europe, came home, then had to double right back to New York for "The Apartment", being filmed there. Felicia was happy she was called to New York for some TV show while Jack was there. She says she has a new rule: "I'm agreeing with Jack instead of arguing with him." But she's still hesitating to say "yes" to his proposal. You can discount rumors that Jack will reconcile with former wife Cynthia, who is now divorcing Cliff Robertson.

**PLANS CHANGE**—Barry Coe and bride Jorunn Kristiansen had hoped for a month's honeymoon in Norway when they were married. He even shipped his ski equipment over! But film schedules and no respectors of Cupid's plans. The newlyweds had to hurry back because Barry was called for "Daddy-O" with Bill Crosby, Carol Lynley, Barrie Chase and Fabian. The Coes took a new apartment in the Westwood building where Barry had lived. His was small and "too masculine for Joey," Barry decided. She'll decorate the new one. The beautiful bride, last year's Miss Norway, has career plans and Barry hopes she doesn't change her mind.

**DISAPPOINTED**—Film schedules spoiled holiday plans of Victoria Shaw and Roger Smith. They've avoided being separated during their four-year marriage until Vickie had to go to Munich for "Aim At The Stars" and Roger had to stay here for "77 Sunset Strip". Then Vickie

continued on page



EDD BYRNES has chat with Princess Maria Cecile, guest of honor at Hollywood ball.



AMONG first-nighters at big premiere are Margaret O'Brien and hubby Robert Allen.



AFTER dating for publicity, Troy Donahue and Diane McBain are making it a habit.



# let's look at the records

Reviews of new discs by **SHELDON WAX**

**DECCA'S** latest singing comet, **Carl Dobkins, Jr.**, has just put out his first album titled succinctly enough "Carl Dobkins, Jr." The LP gets off and winging with Carl's big hit, "My Heart Is An Open Book", and keeps on building from there. Among the top grade tunes ordered by young Carl are Cole Porter's "True Love" and a pair penned by Carl himself, "Love Is Everything" and "If You Don't Want My Love" . . . Following the simple tenet that one good turn serves another, Contemporary Records has sequenced its successful etching of **Shelly Manne And His Men Play Music From Peter Gunn** with "Son Of Gunn!!" which is loaded with another generous helping of the same. The Manne men are, as usual, superb, delivering such Henry Mancini delicacies as "Spook", "Joanna" and "My Manne Shelly" with verve, bomb, eclat and all that jazz . . . Victor's young muscleman **Johnny Restivo** has cut his vocal eyeteeth on his first album, "Oh Johnny". There's nothing unscathed about Johnny's tonsils. He has given a big buildup by Victor. It could start paying dividends with LP's like this one . . . **Ernestine Anderson's** latest Mercury coupling bears out all predictions of Miss Anderson taking her place in the first rank of America's songbirds. The pairing of "Call Me Darling" and "My Love Will Last" adds up to two helpings of top talent.

Three of our favorite females, the **McGuire Sisters**, pull off a tour de force by taking Sophie Tucker's "Some Of These Days" and making like it was their very own. The reverse side of the Coral etching, "Have A Nice Weekend", is up-to-date and quite listenable. But "Days" is the big side . . . Decca's beautiful package of a 2-LP musical eulogy to "Lady Day", "The Billie Holiday Story", contains ample evidence of **Billie Holiday's** greatness. The numbers recorded between 1944 and 1950 include some of Billie's best work which should be recommended enough. The Holiday stamp remains

indelibly on tunes such as "Porgy", "Crazy", "He Calls Me" and "Easy Living" . . . **Sam "The Man" Taylor** is busy blowing up another storm again. His new M-G-M "More Blue Mist" is top-grade tenor-saxmanship. Sam tackles standards in this lush LP and the mood is romantic. Among the tunes Sam caresses with his horn are "Tenderly", "Willow Weep For Me" and "I Should Care". Play it again, Sam . . . United Artists Records' glamour queen **Diahann Carroll**, the girl most likely to inherit Lena Horne's mantle, gets some of her sultriness on wax in her new U-A 45 "My Love, My Love" and "Again". Diahann's backing is provided by Don Costa and is the black velvet that sets off Diahann's sparkling performances . . . **Ralph Marterie's** hopped on the Private Eye bandwagon but good. Marterie and his Marlboro Men have etched an album for Mercury, "Music For A Private Eye", that touches most of the bases when it comes to TV sleuths. Name of your favorite video detective—Richard Diamond, Peter Gunn, The Thin Man—they're musically on tap in this one . . . Do you dig Dixie? Well, step right up then and latch on to "**The River Boat Five Takes The Train**", their latest Mercury album. The boys are landlocked on this outing, confining themselves strictly to rail transportation. Among the choo-choo cha-chas are "Wabash Cannonball", "On The Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe" and "Take The 'A' Train".

One of the most refreshing original cast albums to come along in many a musical moon is the Victor waxing of "Take Me Along", the song-and-dance take-off on Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness". The cast, headed by **Jackie Gleason**, **Walter Pidgeon**, **Eileen Herlie** and **Una Merkle**, does handsomely by the Robert Merrill score. This album could be either a mouth-watering invitation to see the show or a marvelous memento after you've taken it in . . . M-G-M's own particular pride and joy, **Conway Twitty** has a new hit-tune-filled album titled

"Saturday Night With Conway Twitty. Conway has come a long way since his golden record of "It's Only Make Believe". His handling of such standards as "Danny Boy" and "Blueberry Hill" teamed up with *au courant* items like "Hey Miss Ruby" and "She's Mine" spell out a vocal success story . . . **Jackie Wilson**, who toils in the Brunswick vineyards, has been whipping up some heady brews lately. The most recent of which is his pairing of "Talk, Talk, Talk" and "Only You, Only Me". The beat varies from rockin' ("Talk") to romantic ("Only You") and the Wilson approach is just right in both cases . . . **Dinah Shore's** latest Capitol album, "Yes, Indeed", is a real rouser. It's her first LP outing under that label and an auspicious premiere it is. Everything's upbeat, including such standards as "It All Depends On You" and "Taking A Chance On Love" . . . The sound track for the Harry Belafonte starrer, "Odds Against Tomorrow", is a little different. As set down on a United Artists LP, it shows the score done by **John Lewis**, leaderman of the **Modern Jazz Quartet** to be interesting, *avant garde*, first class jazz in its own right. Conductor Lewis leads a big band knowingly through composer Lewis' creation.

"Here We Go Again," the title of the **Kingston Trio's** new Capitol album, is completely appropriate as the boys are off on another big-seller binge. These young gentlemen are three of the best things that ever happened to folk music. A perfect example is their beautiful handling of "Across The Wide Missouri" . . . High flyin' **Connie Francis** comes up with another big one in her latest M-G-M package, "Country And Western Golden Hits". Connie's right at home with the backwoods beat delivering tunes such as "Your Cheatin' Heart". Her versatility is matched only by her salesability . . . Reach, pardner, for the new **Marty Robbins** Columbia album, "Gunfighter Ballads And Trail Songs" that is. Marty backs himself up on guitar and has additional rhythm and a male chorus behind him. The effect is a large slice of the Old West. Among such sagebrush standards as "Cool Water" and "Strawberry Roan" are Robbins originals including "Big Iron" and "El Paso" . . . **Pat Boone's** new Dot 45'er couples "The Faithful Heart", sliced from his new movie, "Journey To The Center Of The Earth", with "Beyond The Sunset" and is proof positive of Pat being one of musicdom's "regulars". Pat is an ardent practitioner of the art of "just plain singing." For this, much thanks . . . **Paul Anka**, ABC-Paramount's "young man on the way up," is pretty close to the top rung of the success ladder, continually turning out such highly professional performances as his dual offering, "It's Time To Cry" and "Something Has Changed Me". To wind up with a terrible pun, let's say that ABC's Anka is definitely not dragging on this pairing.

END



**EXCLUSIVE**

# Why Greg Peck walked out on MM

By MARK DAYTON



**DISTURBED** over preferential treatment given Marilyn Monroe in "Let's Make Love" script changes, Greg Peck decided he wouldn't.

**I**F THEY HAD PAID attention in September, they might not have been so stunned in November. It wasn't that the glamorous Marilyn Monroe hadn't served notice. For way back in September when it was considered too risky to let Khrushchev see Disneyland but safe to let the Soviet boss watch Frank Sinatra and Shirley MacLaine cavort at 20th Century-Fox in a scene from "Can Can", Marilyn had sent up her first disregarded warning flare.

The trouble was that everyone was paying too much attention to Nikita's visit and too little attention to Marilyn's visit. If they had kept their eye on Marilyn instead of Nikita during the luncheon honoring the Russian head of state, it might not have come as such a shock.

While Nikita found himself unable, at least in retrospect, to abide the sight of a galaxy of smiling Can Can girls with their motors running, Marilyn was quietly racking up some behind scenes mileage of her own.

She had agreed to co-star with Gregory Peck in "Let's Make Love", and during the Khrushchev visit, she went into a cozy huddle with her personally approved director, George Cukor, studio head Buddy Adler, producer Jerry Wald, and Norman Krasna, author of her farewell picture as a reluctant 20th Century contractee. One of the crucial things she got across in that meeting with the film factory brass hats was that she felt her part needed some building up. It was a neat piece of summitry.

Right then and there, if Hollywood oracles weren't operating with rusty geiger counters, they would have picked up the sound of approaching turbulence. Everyone was so busy finding out what Nikita thought of everything, however, that they neglected to ask what Gregory Peck thought of Marilyn's impending build-up.

Even before Marilyn more or less upstaged herself out of a leading man, studio insiders on the sub-summitry level were steeled for a full-scale ulcer fallout.

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**EXCLUSIVE**

# Why Edd Byrnes walked out on "Sunset Strip"

By JIM COOPER

**A**ROUND HOLLYWOOD the private jest was that Edd Byrnes was negotiating for a marriage dowry. The quip, like most worthwhile humor, was not too far from the truth. For a long time it had been "Kookie's" habit to take a pauper's oath every time he was asked why he clung to bachelorhood. Confronted with persistent reports that he was on the verge of slipping a gold band on the bridal finger of his vivacious blonde sweetheart, Asa Maynor, he sighed:

"How could I? I couldn't get married right now if I wanted to. I don't even have the price of His and Her combs."

On the surface, it would seem that combs have become an inflationary commodity, thanks to Edd's constant smoothing of his pompadour on "77 Sunset Strip". His take home pay—ostensibly made public to bring forth public weeping over his impoverished state—was a mere \$284 a week. But even at those starvation wages, it would appear that a man who really shopped could buy a lot of combs.

Edd Byrnes argued otherwise. For a young man who had to keep up all the costly appearances of stardom, he had come to consider \$284 a piddling realization on his fame.

He was considered a good soldier at Warners. He complied almost uncomplainingly with the never ending requests of the publicity department. He was prompt, serious and hard-working on the set. He never made derisive noises about the studio in public.

So when "Kookie" shoved his comb in his hip pocket, and instructed the William Morris Agency to grapple with his bosses for improved pay and working conditions, not to mention other emoluments, to many people it seemed out of character. It caught everyone by surprise but the people who knew him.

Edd privately had been airing his grievances for months. Beneath the polite veneer he took such pains to spread over the stalemate, there was festering discontent.

Problems that might seem laughable to someone not

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**PERTURBED** over take home pay of \$284 a week, hardly enough to disport himself as a star, Edd Byrnes detoured "77 Sunset Strip".



CONNIE STEVENS

# She wants 10



photos by Del Hayden, Topix

**TWOSOME** in a teacup at Disneyland are Connie Stevens of TV's "Hawaiian Eye" and Gary Clark. "We have fun together," she says.



# kids



**BEAU** Gary Clark escorts Connie on a tour of Disneyland. He is leading man in her private life.

*Five of her own and five adopted ones  
will satisfy the bright new star of "Hawaiian Eye"  
any time she decides to marry*

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

**T**HIS IS THE strawberry blonde . . . the one with the dimples and the creamy skin . . . who is embellishing the "Hawaiian Eye" TV series these nights . . . the one with the cute hats. You are hearing her and loving her on records, too. This girl can sing.

She is beautiful, she is in love ("well, sort of," she says), she is one of the most luscious things Hollywood has seen in a long while.

She admits that she has dated most of the eligible men in Hollywood . . . "but for two years Gary Clark (a personable freelance actor) has been the one I have wanted to see on weekends. We have relaxed times then. We ride or picnic or sit in the house and listen to music. Or we talk. Oh, we talk a lot.

"I'm not quite sure whether you call this 'serious' or not. But we do like one another. We have fun together."

Does she have marriage on her mind? Connie is a Catholic and takes her religion and marriage seriously. "I wouldn't marry unless I thought I could make it stick," she says, solemnly. "I've seen so much in Hollywood . . ." She means it, even though at 21 some of her friends are beginning to needle her on her single state. That's not bothering Connie. She is making up her own mind. Besides, she has a flourishing career.

Only five years ago she waited two hours outside New York's Paramount Theater, hoping to get Jerry Lewis's autograph. The crowd was so great that she didn't get it. Two years later, she found herself Jerry's leading lady in "Rock-a-bye Baby".

This little charmer, whose real name is Concetta Ann Ingolia, was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., on August 8, 1938, and is of Italian-Irish extraction. When she was 15, her parents separated and she came to Hollywood with her father, a musician and night club entertainer known professionally as Teddy Stevens. Connie did some odd jobs in show business, TV commercials, bit parts in pictures and so on, and then she learned that girls were being interviewed for the Jerry Lewis picture. Lots of girls. Some of them fabulous and famous like Debbie Reynolds, some of them quite as unknown as she was, herself. A lead in a Lewis picture is always much sought-after. She wangled an interview.

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**VISITORS** at Disneyland, Connie and Gary also like to explore as many different restaurants as they can, running gamut of food.



**FOND** of Gary, Connie isn't rushing into marriage—yet. Says she at 21. "I wouldn't marry unless I thought I could make it stick."

**CAROUSEL** is a heap of fun, but both Connie and Gary prefer real horseback riding. They also go for picnics, beach parties, tennis.





## Though she's dated many eligible young men in Hollywood, Gary gets priority on weekends

There ensued the few days when Connie was fretting, pacing the floor, lying awake at night. Then came the word that she had been chosen.

That did it. Connie was in. Clear in. Well this, of course, led to better and better roles and presently she was under contract to Warner Bros. and disporting her pretty self and her pretty voice and her cute little hats on ABC-TV's "Hawaiian Eye". Which is where we caught up with her.

She and her father, whom she adores, have bought a ten-room house high in the Hollywood hills and Connie has been decorating it herself, "by degrees." What she is doing with it will tell you some things about Connie.

For one thing, it is filled with plants. Connie loves all the growing things, the green things, the "alive" things. Her house is filled with them. Her favorite room, the one which she feels is especially hers, is the breakfast nook with glass walls which command a wonderful view of the hills and the valley below, looking out toward the sea. What walls there are are papered in yellow and green with lots of little pink rosebuds and with ivy in small pots spilling over the walls. This is *her* room.

Her other special room is a small office upstairs where she personally attends to fan mail. She takes this very seriously and feels it is important to a budding career. This room is business-like, filled with framed photographs and filed scripts.

The living room is large with beamed ceilings and French Provincial furniture. Connie has put in much beige and rust and brown ("alive" colors) and there are green drapes with printed vine leaves drooling down their borders. Outside the French doors, there is a terrace with more plants and the most honored one is the azalea Jerry Lewis gave her one Christmas. "It blooms every year!" she marvels.

Her bedroom is pink and blue and gray with dolls of every size and description scattered about. Her dressing-room is mirrored and has theatrical dressing lights and many glass shelves for cosmetics. Connie really fixes herself up when she is to go in front of the cameras.

She is a movie fan. She goes two or three times a week, if she can, to see movies, old or new. She likes parties, too. Likes to give them and likes to go to them. But she wants them either very small and informal or very large and elaborate . . . as Hollywood parties often are. "At the big ones everyone looks so pretty . . . all dressed up!" At the small ones, "People really get acquainted and enjoy one another." But at the medium-sized ones, she thinks, "Nothing ever seems really to happen or to matter!"

**S**HE and Gary both like night clubs and visit them often. "After all, my father has been in them for years and they were my first love. I still get a thrill from them." And she is pretty impatient with the movie celebrities who maintain, loftily, "I don't care for night clubs unless there is a special act I want to catch." "How can they tell," she demands, "that there may not be a special act that they *should* catch and should applaud and encourage?"

Another thing that she and Gary do on what they call their "restful weekends" is to visit as many different restaurants as they can, from the big, glittering spots to the small, out-of-the-way places with checkered tablecloths and flickering candles in bottles.

"We try never to eat the same kind of food twice and we have really run the gamut of cookery, both foreign and domestic, from strange Chinese dishes to chowders, to pizzas, to corn puddings to flapjacks. Some of them are wonderful



**FORTUNE-telling gypsy** hands a big surprise to Connie and Gary. Could it have predicted a marriage in the not distant future?

and some are awful but most of them are interesting. You hear some strange music in some of these places, too."

Otherwise (there must be a good many "restful weekends"), this tireless pair like long horseback rides, picnics, beach parties and tennis.

For her own parties, Connie likes to cook. "I adore it if I can find the time. I like to do Italian dishes mostly but I like to experiment with other things. I usually have small buffet meals with music and conversation afterward." She has a fine collection of recordings. Occasionally, she and her guests get on a giddy kick and play some games. But not often. They are a group of rather serious young people and enjoy their discussions.

As for her other domestic virtues . . . "Well, I can't really sew . . . that is, to *make* anything. But I can sew on a button if it seems really essential, as buttons sometimes do!"

Clothes? "I find that your tastes change from year to year. I used to like fluffy, ruffy, frivolous things with bows on them. Now I find myself leaning more and more to the tailored, the severe clothes, fine woolens and so on, especially in the winter months. I like to feel sophisticated. You know . . . hats, gloves, matching bags and so on. I guess your tastes just naturally mature.

"I wear a lot of cottons in summer but I want them to be sophisticated cottons. I like them to be designed as woolens might be in cooler weather. Severe. Neatly tailored.

"I have a young designer who does wonderful things for me. I like to wear white for evening and she has attended to that with nice things in satin, velvet and brocade. She also made me a lovely turquoise satin gown with hoops in the

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# Rock goes sailing

*The big interest in Rock's life these days is his sailboat "Khairusam" whose pleasures he shares with his film colony friends*

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



**LEAVING** port, Rock and his guests, newlyweds Gia Scala and Don Burnett, anticipate a wonderful day.

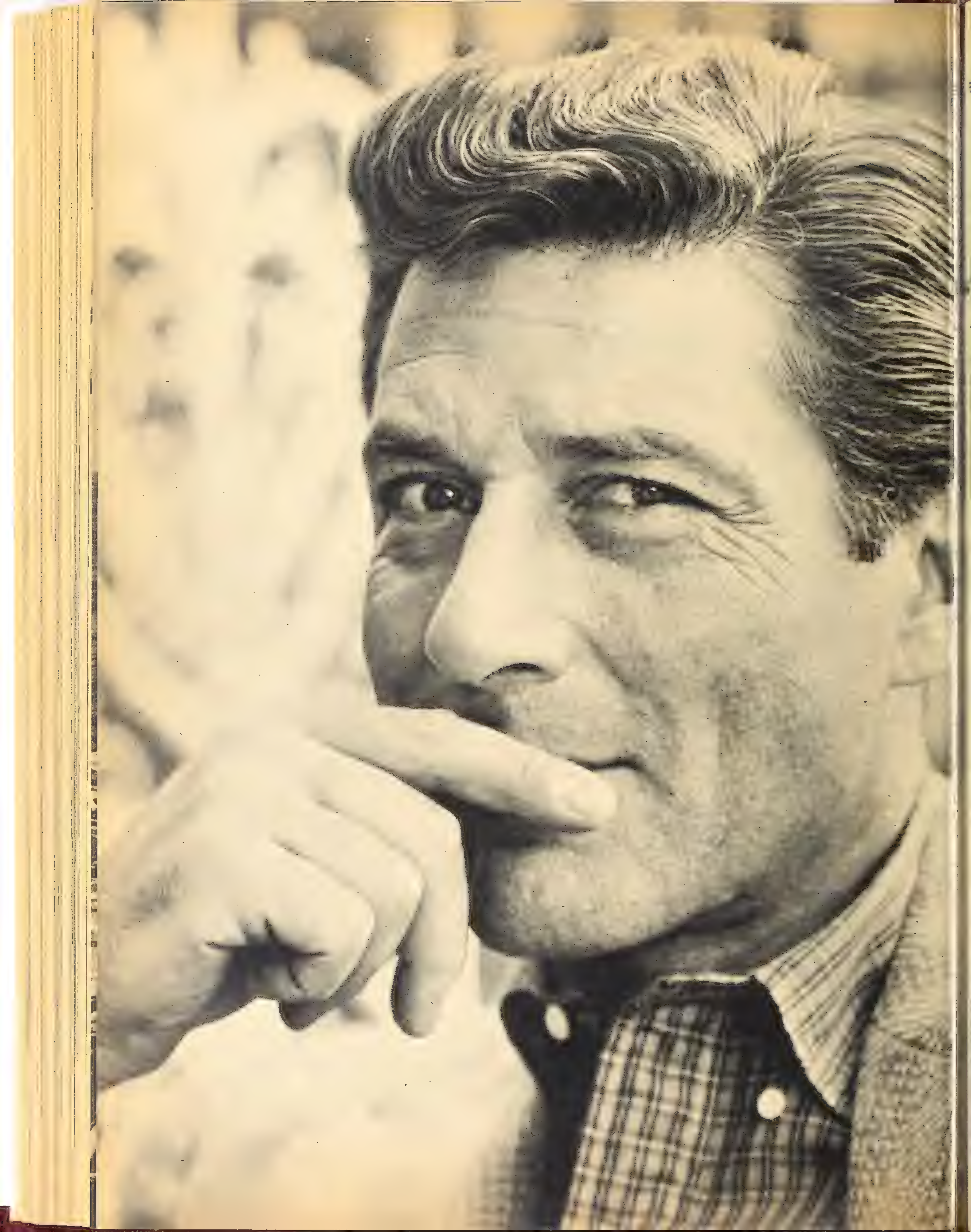
**BLUE SKIES** and a calm sea make for near perfect sailing weather as Rock, Gia and Don breeze along.



**GIA** takes the wheel while the men take a snooze, natch. Rock is currently starring with Doris Day in Universal's "Pillow Talk".

**END**







# "Mr. Z. has class"

By ROGER SMITH

*This is the appraisal of Efrem's good neighbor and partner in TV crime who herewith spills a few beans about him*

THE FIRST THING I must tell you about this fellow Zimbalist is that he's a man with a secret life.

And I suppose it's because of this that he got involved in The Case of the Do-It-Yourself-Sprinklers, and the citizen who couldn't believe what he saw with his own eyes.

Efrem, of course, is my good friend and neighbor—we live some two blocks apart in Encino—but he is also, along with another quite impossible character named Edd "Kookie" Byrnes, my frequent associate in crime on "77 Sunset Strip".

Yet there are times when I despair of ever coping with Mr. Zimbalist; he leaves me blinking at the odd things that seem to happen to him.

Efrem is the only man I know who can stroll around in a pair of white buck shoes and make you believe there's nothing unusual about it. But Byrnes and I, attempting to show the same *savoir faire*, look only like a couple of guys who borrowed the shoes from Wardrobe, after a firm promise to have them back the first thing in the morning.

If you must know, Efrem is incapable of looking anything else but the gentleman: that suave fellow you see in the ads with the pipe and the dispatch case, boarding a luxury jet for Rome. Zimmy needs no Madison Avenue-imposed tattoo to prove that he is all male. He is today's Ronald Colman, the matinee idol of nighttime TV—the man most novelists try but almost never create.

"Efrem could be hip-deep in a barnyard, shoveling fertilizer in his shorts," a friend once quipped, "and he would still seem like The Man in the Brooks Brothers Suit."

To Efrem, such appraisals are all the more reason why he often hungers for a chance to go unrecognized and get some good, honest soil on his face. This is his real secret life.

All week long he's at the studio playing Stuart Bailey, the private eye

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ROGER SMITH



EFREM and his wife, Stephanie, are a beautifully compatible couple both with similar backgrounds.



*"Mr. Z can stroll up to any woman, kiss her hand, her cheek, compliment her and leave her glowing and starry-eyed"*



**CASUAL** clothes are preferred by Efrem. He usually wears sport shirts, old dungarees and cowboy boots when not acting on TV.

**PETS** of all kind abound at the Zimbalists' home. Efrem, his wife, Stephanie and their daughter Nancy are all animal lovers.

who looks like a disillusioned Yale man. He's recognized and fawned over by visitors; he signs—and very cheerfully—dozens of autographs for friends and friends of friends; he chats politely and charmingly with interviewers in the studio or at lunch in the Green Room. "It's a lovely life," says Efrem, "getting your shoulder slapped, except for the period you spend slapping your shoulder yourself."

But there are moments, as Efrem admits, when he becomes a little weary of recognition. There are days when a garage door that needs fresh paint is far more alluring than a formal, black-tie bash. For Efrem is a man who just cannot pass a concrete-mixer without wanting to see it work. Give him a chain saw that will snarl its way through a three-foot eucalyptus tree, and in ten minutes you've got yourself a cord of firewood. Point out a broken greenhouse window, and before you can say "Efrem Zimbalist, Jr." he has a putty knife in his hands.

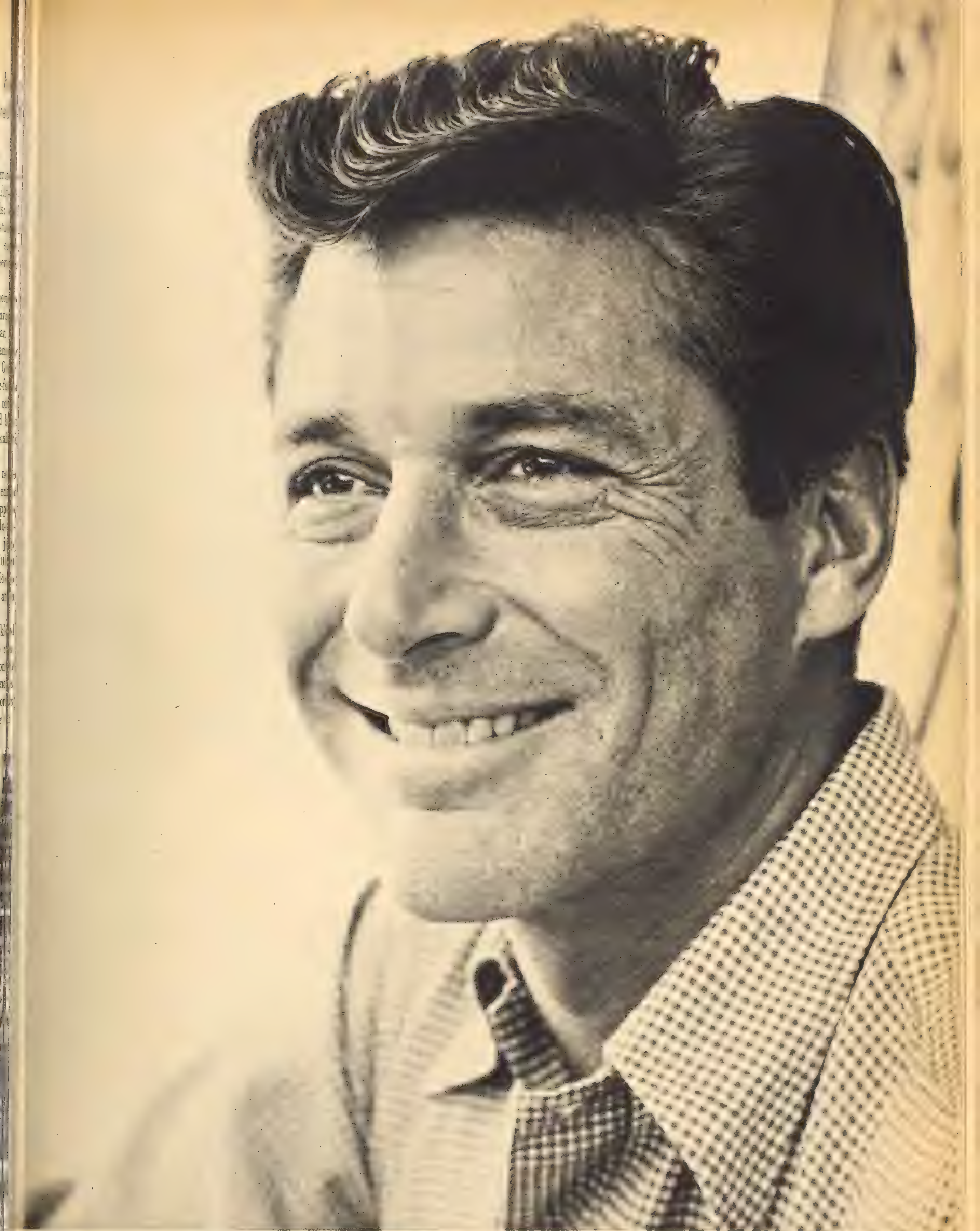
That's why, when that two-acre place of his needed a new sprinkler system, Efrem spent a number of happy weekends surrounded by uprooted garden and a complex of copper pipe. To this neighbor of mine, do-it-yourself *means* do-it-yourself, and putting in the sprinkler system was the joy of his life. Stephanie, his wife, was allowed to help a little; the kids, Nancy, Efrem III, and baby Steffie, were permitted to supervise the tools, yet this was Efrem's own project, and nothing could keep him away.

Before long, the lawn was dotted with shiny new sprinkle heads, the water flowed, and the thirsty plants stood up on their stalks and smiled. When the job was completed, only one thing bothered Jimmy: the heap of discarded stones, tree roots and other junk that spoiled the looks of his work.

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**THE SON** of a concert violinist and a famed soprano, Efrem was once described as "a fellow who will never amount to anything."

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix







# Long distance love

*By telephone or jet airliner, Lee and her husband, oft separated by career commitments, have managed to make their union thrive*

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

LEE REMICK is getting used to it, although the first half-dozen times it happened she was considerably nonplussed, if not completely "shook up."

It seems that when someone who has seen her brilliant characterizations in "The Long Hot Summer", "Anatomy Of A Murder", or "These Thousand Hills", meets Lee for the first time face to face, there develops a moment of reappraisal. Then Lee's new acquaintance says with more candor than tact: "You aren't at *all* what I expected. I mean, you really aren't like *that*."

The meaning is clear. The gentlewomanly, charming, well-schooled girl who is Lee Remick in person bears no resemblance whatsoever to a film fan's preconceived picture of an abandoned wench with a Tennessee Williams accent and a Brigitte Bardot wardrobe.

"They seem to forget," Lee says with a quiet humor, "that I'm an *actress*."

She is also, with equal success, a whirling dervish.

Her husband, Bill Colleran, one of the ablest of young TV directors (the "Hit Parade" for four years, the "Polly Bergen Show", the 1959 Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby spectaculars, to name a few of his works) met a friend in The Brown Derby recently. "How's your beautiful wife?" inquired the friend.

"Fine, thank you," said Bill with a grin. "At the moment she's in Venice, attending the Film Festival. 'Anatomy Of A Murder' is being shown, you know."

A few days later Bill was stopped in the corridors at ABC by another director who passed the time of day, closing the chat by asking, "And how's Lee?"

"Great," said Bill. "She's in Paris, doing the Dior routine according to her call yesterday."

Toward the end of that same week, Bill met a pal at a cocktail party. "What is Lee up to these days?" was the inevitable question.

"She's in London, searching the silver vaults for something for our New York apartment," Bill explained to him quite cheerfully.



**HUSBAND** Bill Colleran, a TV director, never knows when Lee will drop in for breakfast via jet from California or Europe.

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LEE REMICK continued

*"I can be ready to go anywhere in 25 minutes; I can cancel*



**IN REAL LIFE** Lee is a gentle, charming, well-schooled girl who bears no similarity to the abandoned wench she plays in films



*our newspapers, suspend the diaper service and have the telephone cut off in three minutes”*

Two weeks later he met the same friend on the street. “Lee home yet?” the friend wanted to know.

“Oh sure. And gone again. At present she’s in Tennessee, working in ‘The Swift Season,’” said Bill.

The friend extended his arms in a “mammy” gesture. “You kids aren’t married,” he objected. “You’re just toll bait for the telephone company.”

Good gag, but mistaken concept.

The Lee Remick-Bill Colleran marriage is one of the brightest, most devoted in young married theatrical circles. Their only real problem, as suggested by their friend, is the size of their long distance telephone bills.

Since their wedding in August, 1957, Lee and Bill have been separated for a total of seven months, not consecutively, but divided into a series of short spells of utter loneliness. The loneliness has inspired a permanent state of Remick-Colleran travel readiness.

Lee says, “I can be ready to go anywhere in 25 minutes. I can cancel our newspapers, suspend the diaper service, and have the telephone cut off in three minutes. I carry my passport wherever I go. I bought *white* luggage when I first went to California and I’ve added the matching pieces as I needed them. It saves time because they’re easily identified. I always buy travel clothing to correlate with what I have and to make it possible for me to carry only one set of accessories and one hat. I believe in the dash system.”

There are reasons.

**L**EE AND BILL had been married only five weeks when Lee was sent to Baton Rouge on location for “The Long Hot Summer”. “I had never been so homesick in my life,” she remembers. “Bill flew down for two weekends, then the company returned to Hollywood. Before jets, and considering his schedule, Bill couldn’t take the time to cross the country. I had to do something about it.”

It is strictly forbidden for a player working in a leading role in a major motion picture to set foot in an airplane during the production period unless specifically permitted to do so. Violations of this cardinal rule have brought some of Hollywood’s most famous feet, laggard, to front offices for a lecture.

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**GALLERY** of photos from plays and films she’s appeared in adorn Lee’s New York apartment. She also has a home in California.



**AT HOME** in either informal clothes or evening dress, Lee seems equally feminine in both. Her new film is “The Swift Season”.





# Janet and Tony's



**DAUGHTER** Kelly is entertained by Tony. Togetherness has always played a large part in the success of Janet and Tony's marriage.



# marriage secrets

*How have the Curtises kept their marriage from going stale? "All that's needed is love," says Janet, "not gimmicks"*

IT WAS QUITE A bustling household that morning on the second floor of the bleached brick Curtis mansion in the fashionable Benedict Canyon altitudes of Beverly Hills.

Focal point of the activity was the spacious, sun-drenched room of all purposes at the head of the stairs which were fenced off with a white gate for the protection of the children. The baby's nurse, Ginny, looking like a credit to her occupation in her crisply starched white uniform, was dutifully streaking after 10-months-old Jamie, who tore on all pudgy little fours across the carpeted floor and up the furniture like an overwound mechanical toy. Janet Leigh's slender mother, also in a smart white outfit, was in and out with the equally indefatigable elder of the two Curtis girls, three-year-old Kelly Lee.

Janet herself reclined contentedly captive in a club chair. Her feet were up on an ottoman as Gladys, another white uniformed retainer, gave her a pedicure and manicure. As she received these attentions, Mrs. Tony Curtis was comfortably attired in black pedal pushers and a sleeveless black blouse. Somewhere in the city, away from the happy furore of home, her husband was off attending to his own business.

"I haven't sat down this long in five weeks," Janet chortled. "But as you can see, even so there's never a dull moment."

The lovely Mrs. Curtis thereby inadvertently pinpointed one of the secrets of how she and Tony manage year in and year out to keep their marriage as fresh as the day it was consummated.

"How could there be a dull moment?" she cried. "How could there be—with Tony for a husband, Kelly and Jamie for children, me for a mother, our way of life, and this business we're in?"

That wide variety of interests and constant activity have helped maintain the high level of enthusiasm in their marriage, but there are other factors which make them a phenomenon in this coastal celluloid kingdom where so many domestic wreckages are washed up on the shores of ennui and disenchantment.

One of them is the sometimes snickered-over philosophy of togetherness. Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, however, pay more than lip service to the ideal of togetherness. They may not deliberately live it, but the term describes them. They have a standing rule never to work at the same time unless it is in the same picture. Otherwise whenever and wherever one is before the cameras, the other tags along, usually replete with children. They are appalled at the idea of being apart for as long as a week. Despite the fact that they are man and wife, they happen to enjoy each other's company.

Yet one of the chief reasons their marriage has not gone stale is their refusal to permit themselves to be strangled by togetherness. It is no accident that when

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# "My dates with Frankie Avalon"

By MARIANNE GABA



*What's it like to go out with Frankie*

*Avalon? Marianne Gaba, his No. 1 Hollywood girl*

*friend, tells of her exciting experiences*

I WAS ALREADY asleep when the phone rang. The voice on the other end of the line sounded hesitant, unsure. "This you, Marianne?"

"Yes, this is Marianne Gaba," I came back, and waited.

After a few seconds of hesitation, "This is Frankie . . ."

"Frankie . . . WHO?"

"Frankie Avalon."

I gulped, hard. "I thought you'd forgotten all about me!" I cried out. Months had passed since we'd gone out together, and I had even moved to a new place in Beverly Hills. "How did you find out where I lived?"

"Connie gave me your number . . ."

He was referring to Connie Stevens, at whose house I stayed for over a year.

"How about dinner tomorrow night?"

"Sure, Frankie. I'd love to. I'm looking forward to seeing you again," I said, and meant it.

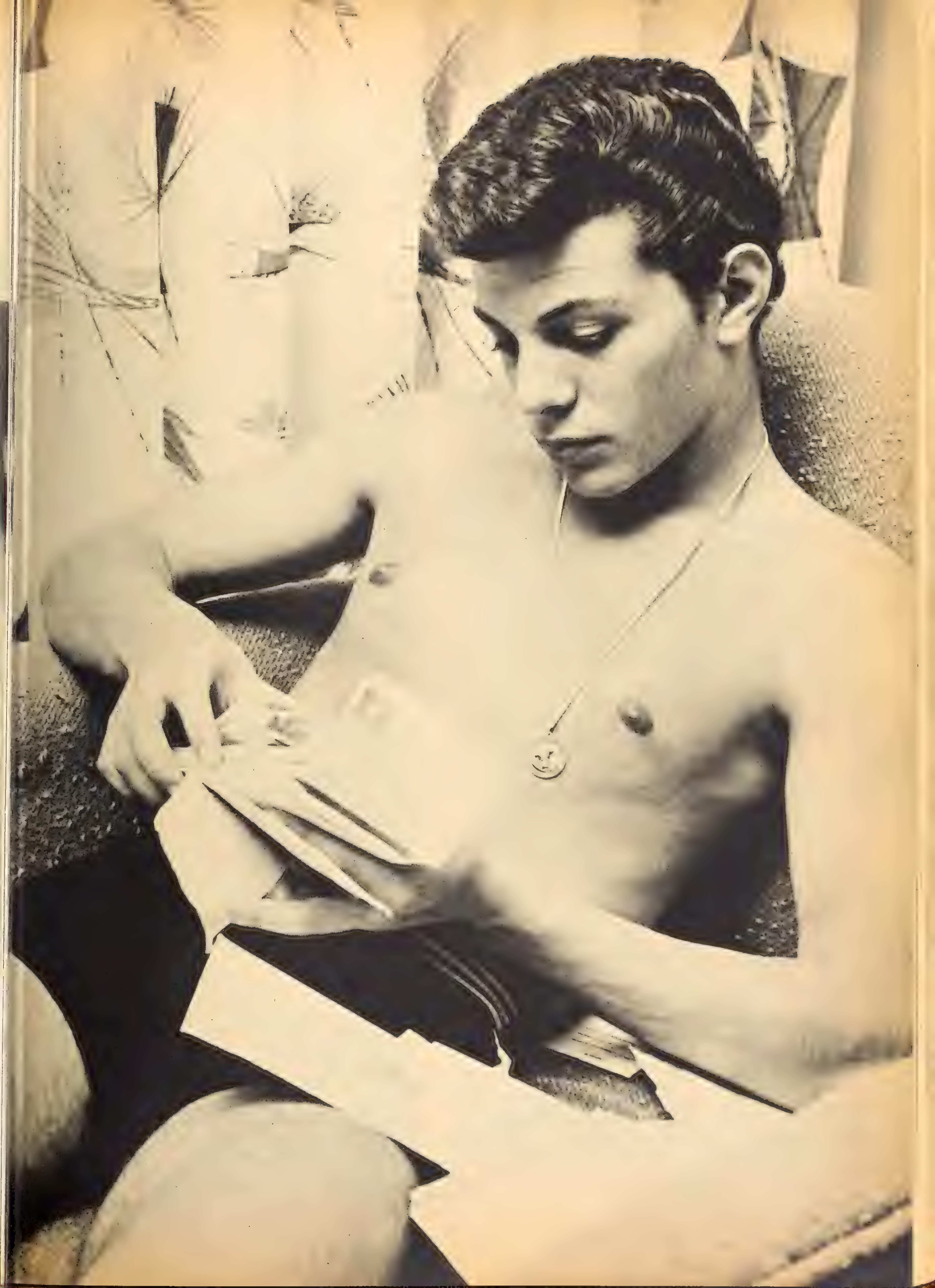
As far as I know, Frankie hasn't dated any girl but me in Hollywood. We date because we like each other. We've held hands in movies. We have kissed. He wants me to meet his parents in Philadelphia. But rumors to the contrary, we are not what movie columnists like to refer to as "a hot romantic twosome . . ."

In a way I think it's the same qualities that we like in one another. We feel at ease when we are together. We can talk about anything without being offended or embarrassed. I consider Frankie a "nice" boy, quite different from so many wolves I have met here in the past. And I'd like to feel that he thinks of me as a "nice" girl too, if you know what I mean. While I'm living in 20th Century Hollywood, about certain boy-girl relationships I'm pretty old-fashioned. I think Frankie appreciates this.

We met about a year ago, when Frankie happened to see a picture layout of me. When he came to Hollywood a short time later, he asked the photographer who shot it to get in touch with me, to see if I was willing to do a layout with him, too. I had heard so many

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**FRANKIE** is seriously concerned about keeping his feet on the ground, doesn't want to fall into the trap of "going Hollywood."

## FRANKIE AVALON continued

nice things about him, I was delighted to accept the offer.

I can still see them driving up to Connie's house, where I was staying at the time—photographers, assistants, a whole carload of fellows! Frankie, his managers Bob Marcucci and Peter deAngelis, and the photographer. We went horseback riding a couple of blocks up the street, and I'm sorry to admit Frankie did a lot better on horseback than I!

As I got to know Frankie better, I realized that he is really quite independent—in his private life. When his career is involved in any way whatsoever, he listens to and accepts Bob Marcucci's advice one hundred percent.

For instance, on one of his other trips to California, a magazine editor had asked for a layout of Frankie and Tuesday Weld. I'm sure Frankie wouldn't have minded, but Bob objected to it. I don't know why—possibly he might have felt she's too young, maybe because she's gone out with too many older fellows, anyway, he didn't want Frankie tied up with her, and because he objected, Frankie readily agreed to give up any ideas of taking her out for publicity reasons.

As for myself, after we had dated a few times, I kiddingly asked Frankie if Bob didn't object to him seeing me as often.

He smiled mischievously. "He doesn't. He trusts you!"

"I don't know if that's a compliment or an insult," I said.

"A compliment," he assured me.

The whole relationship between Frankie and Bob is like that of two brothers—one older, more experienced; the other in need of advice, but able to take it or leave it. Frankie knows he can always come to Bob for help, yet doesn't feel obliged to take it. Likewise, Bob isn't hurt if Frankie goes to other people for help, as he did with me from time to time.

For instance, Frankie is terribly concerned about keeping his feet on the ground. I remember one night when he told





*"I consider Frankie a 'nice' boy and I'd like to feel that he thinks of me as a nice girl, too"*



**WAVING** good-bye to Marianne at steps of his apartment, Frankie is all smiles. As he hasn't a car, she drives him in her T-bird.



**COLOGNE** smells pretty good to Frankie who uses it sparingly. He is "very much the gentleman" on their dates, says Marianne.

me that so many of the people he had met out here were "typically Hollywood," and that if he should ever decide to live here permanently, he might fall into the same trap. "As long as I stay in Philadelphia," he confessed, "I feel safe . . ."

"What do you think it is about Philadelphia that gives you this security?" I asked him.

He thought about it for a minute. "Mostly, I guess, being with my parents . . ."

"Should you ever decide to move to the West Coast, couldn't you visit your parents regularly?" I came back.

He looked surprised. "Why—I would never consider living in Los Angeles unless they could come with me!"

I pointed out that this should allay his fears.

His biggest concern was that he might some day lose touch with the very group of people who made him what he is—the young fans. From his actions, I doubt he ever will.

ONE EVENING he asked if I could see a movie with him. I told him I would love to go, and inquired what time I should pick him up at his hotel. This may seem like an unusual procedure, but the fact is, Frankie doesn't have a car in Hollywood. Rather than go around by cab, I pick him up in my T-bird.

"About seven-thirty," he said. "It'll be dark by then . . ."

I didn't know what he meant by his last remark until we were driving west on Sunset Boulevard, and then turned north on Sepulveda—toward a drive-in theatre.

After watching the film for a few minutes, we heard giggles from the car next to us. Then a girl's voice insisted, "That's him . . . I'm sure it is!"

"It couldn't be," another female voice came back with equal vigor. "He wouldn't come to a place like this . . ."

This banter went on while Frankie and I tried to concentrate on the movie. Finally one of the girls climbed out of the other car, took a couple of steps, and leaned into ours. "Are you Frankie Avalon?" she asked, right smack in the middle of the film's most exciting scene.

Frankie nodded his head. "I am."

She let out a scream that could be heard all over the theatre. "It's FRANKIE . . ." she screeched. "GIRLS . . . IT'S FRANKIE AVALON . . . !!!"

I sank a little lower into my seat while car doors flew open all around us. For almost half an hour Frankie good-naturedly signed autographs. How different from another well-known singer who demands police protection to ward off the fans every time he steps out of his hotel.

That night at the drive-in theatre showed me another side of Frankie that I have seen repeatedly on other occasions—his great concern and considerateness for people with him.

During intermission, he asked if I would like a snack. I said I would, expecting a bottle of pop and maybe a bag of popcorn or peanuts. When he didn't return till about ten minutes after the picture had started again, I was convinced that he was cornered by so many more fans that he simply couldn't get back. In a way I blamed myself for not having offered to get the snacks myself. What really happened became obvious when he showed up at last, his arms loaded down with hot dogs, hamburgers, peanuts, popcorn, six different kinds of candy bars, four types of cookies, and twelve different drinks—everything from Cokes to grape juice.

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*By keeping career problems out of their  
home life and not analyzing why they're  
happy, Dinah and George have hit upon a*

# Design for loving

By STEVE MOORE

**I**T WAS LIKE a convention. About a dozen cars were parked in the driveway and in front of Dinah and George Montgomery's house in Beverly Hills. Somewhat cautiously, not knowing what to expect, I rang the bell. The maid answered. I told her I had an appointment to see Mr. Montgomery and I was in—right in the middle of a busy meeting between Dinah Shore and the men involved in the production of her TV show.

George was sitting over by the huge window that looks out on the pool and a panoramic view of the city and ocean. He waved a cheery hello. Just then the phone rang. It was for George. While he was busy with his call, I gave a fast once-over to this fabulous house.

The huge living room has an elevated level on the right which is the music room. To the left is another raised section—for the dining room. Off in an alcove, also facing the window, is the breakfast area. This is as far as I got because George had finished his conversation. It was indeed *some* house.

He had been working on details for future plans for TV and motion pictures so his mind was on his next assignment. Having wound up his "Cimarron City" chores, he was enthusiastically considering the many other offers given him.

As he sat there talking he looked so relaxed that he reminded me of Dinah and the way she seemed to melt into the television camera—so all-fired poised you'd think that she couldn't be thrown by anything.

Actually, very little does bother her. Not even the night Bob Cummings and Gale Storm did a TV show with her. In the act, they were to sing a song, do some chatter, lean back on a bench, and carry on with the humor. But the prop man goofed that night and couldn't find the bench with the back on it, so he hurriedly shoved on just any old one. Gale, Bob, and Dinah leaned back on cue, and over they went on the floor, feet kicking wildly in the air. Was she upset? No, she just couldn't stop laughing.

"People have asked me if Dinah is as poised at home," George said. "Well, yes, for the most part, but I'll never know how anyone seemingly so disorganized on the surface can get so many things done and done so well. You can always tell when Dinah is home. You can pick up her trail from the moment she enters the house. You find a sheet of music, a tennis ball, any

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DINAH SHORE continued





## *George has the best reason why their marriage worked: "Dinah and I enjoy being together"*

package she may have picked up in town. You don't have to be a Montana Scout to tell where she has been and what she's been doing.

"But poised she is, although I must admit I haven't spent much time analyzing her. We just accept each other. To me, her poise is just a bit of naturalness that takes hold of her at a given situation."

George has his moments too of being—well, a little on the impulsive or disorganized side.

George, Dinah, and Missy were going to New York a couple of years ago. Missy's hair kept getting in her eyes so George said, "Let's cut it!"

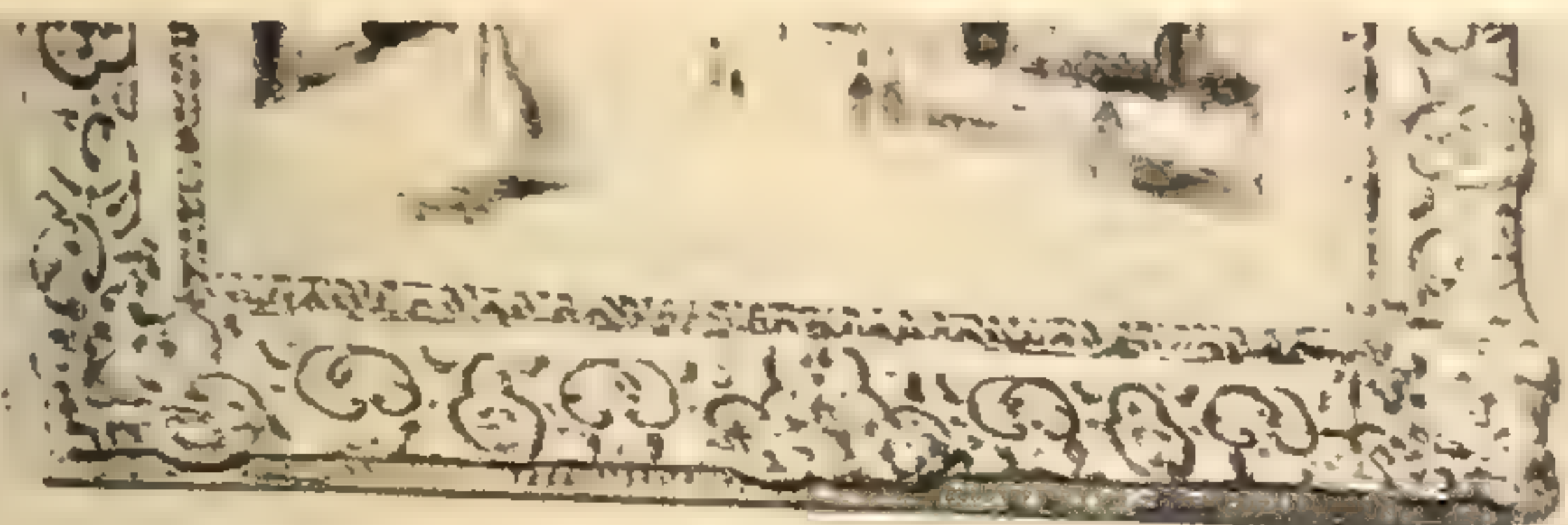
Nobody did anything, so a day or so later as Missy was again pushing her hair out of the way, he said very firmly, "That does it!" He thereupon grabbed the scissors and whacked off the bangs.

"The only trouble was," he laughed, "I went too far and cut above her temple too so that she was practically scalped. Dinah didn't appreciate this too much but she could see the humor to it. Missy was somewhat disturbed."

George and Dinah seem to operate together effortlessly. They have had no really controversial discussions about their respective likes and dislikes. They discuss the discipline of their children in a reasonable fashion and they try to instill this same reasoning process in Missy and John D.

Dinah's conference suddenly broke up and the men left. George turned to her and said, "Honey, we share the same interests, don't we?"

Dinah thought for a moment and then grinned, "Yes.



**THE CHILDREN**, Jody, 5, and Missy, 11, have been taught not to be impressed with the fact their parents are in the public eye.



**THE MONTGOMERYS** respect each other's work so much that their careers have never interfered with their quite happy home life.

except for your building houses. You see, George loves to build houses—he constructed this one, you know, and all the furniture in it. Me—I just want to get one finished so I can live in it. All this construction business doesn't get through to me."

Their primary interest is in paintings and their walls are covered with beautiful pieces of art—some very valuable. But neither George nor Dinah can remember who started collecting paintings in the first place.

"This just seemed to happen, although I buy most of them," George said. "Some have turned out to be profitable—those by artists who were unknown at the time and later became popular. When we were in Europe recently, I bought a dozen paintings so maybe a few will turn out to be treasures of the future. If they don't, it doesn't matter. We like them and enjoy looking at them anyway."

Somehow, the conversation switched to moods and tempers. George insisted he had a temper.

"No more than is right," Dinah put in quickly. "A person with no temper whatever simply has no imagination. But you never get really mad, George."

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**IN ROLE** of a high school teacher, Dick becomes involved in the problems of his students. Film is based on book, "Harrison High".



DICK CLARK

# Makin' movies

*The teenagers' favorite disc jockey, Dick Clark, makes his film debut in a picture all about teenagers, "Because They're Young"*



A CHAT between scenes of "Because They're Young" amuses Dick, Roberta Shore and Duane Eddy. Tuesday Weld has a featured role.

POINTERS on how to play an upcoming scene are given to Dick by director Paul Wendkos. Victoria Shaw co-stars opposite Dick.











**CHUCK's** moods are understood by his wife, Lydia, who is an actress in her own right.

# The Three Charlton Hestons

*One part actor, another part  
husband and a third part dad,  
Chuck is a man who takes all  
his roles with equal degrees  
of seriousness and devotion*

By JACK HOLLAND

CHARLTON HESTON smiled broadly and said, "You know, I'm not quite sure what Hollywood thinks of me. In one way, you might say I was pretty valuable since I've been given star roles in two epics both costing well over \$12,000,000—'The Ten Commandments' and 'Ben-Hur'. On the other hand, maybe the studios say, 'Well, with Heston in the lead role we'd better go with all the budget we can imagine so we'll be sure to get our money back!'"

This is Chuck's humorous appraisal of himself as an actor. And it is the actor who is the first of the three Charlton Hestons. The other two you'll meet later.

Certainly Chuck must have very definite value, in spite of his facetious remark, because MGM has tossed all of its eggs in one basket in the mammoth production of "Ben-Hur". It was no accident, either, that Charlton Heston was chosen for the lead role because his ability and drawing power are well-known. From this film he went into another costly film for MGM, "The Wreck Of The Mary Deare".

So—what is it about Chuck that makes him the favorite star for the multi-million dollar pictures?

The primary answer is that he can act—and in these days you almost forget that acting is sometimes a requisite for motion pictures. Most of today's crop of actors would be so inept they'd get swallowed by the sets in a picture like "Ben-Hur".

"Acting is the all-consuming part of my life, outside of my role as a husband and father," Chuck said seriously. "I like to work hard—I'm what you call an exhaustive actor—not, I hope, an exhausting one. As such, I don't have time to indulge in that overrated antic called temperament.

"I'm not the kind of actor, however, who walks around in a trance all during production. I don't come off the set still engrossed in the mood nor do I waltz home with my character clasped tightly to my chest. I try to avoid homework. There are times, yes, when this is impossible, but I endeavor as often as possible not to bring

◀ **KNOWN** as a dedicated actor, Chuck is also one actor who gives no one trouble.

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my problems home to Lydia. She is, however, an actress and would understand it if I did. I'm more apt to bring her into my work if I'm undecided about a script. Then I ask for her opinion of it.

"It's impossible for any actor to maintain constant concentration all day long on a part. He must do a total job on the set—that is his responsibility, but he doesn't have to be 'on' when he's not doing a scene."

Chuck is in many ways a dedicated actor. On the set he probes every facet of his performance. Some consider him too deep, too analytical, too self-critical. But all agree he is one actor who gives no one any trouble, who indulges in nothing but hard work.

Of all the pictures he has done, "Ben-Hur" was his toughest job, the most difficult he has ever had in any medium. Not only did he have to spend six weeks before production began in Rome learning how to drive a chariot but he had to train for the rowing sequences aboard the galley ship. There were numerous other physical encounters. In fact, he hardly had a scene without something taxing or demanding about it.

"Our director, William Wyler, is at least one of the half-

dozen most talented directors in the business," Chuck went on. "No scene is easy to do for him. He made me examine and re-examine the smallest detail in a scene before we were through with it, and when you do this kind of thing six days a week for nine and a half months, I assure you you've worked. It's a bone-scraping experience.

"The physical aspects of the role were something of a hazard too. The only thing that helped me there was knowing the best chariot people in the world. But it's not easy to learn to drive a chariot and I'm certainly not a hot-shot charioteer even now." Then he added with a laugh, "Fortunately, the race was fixed, so naturally I won."

With a sigh he commented, "Making 'Ben-Hur' was a gut-buster from every angle."

When Chuck isn't working you get a look at the second Heston—the one who lives modestly and quietly with his wife, Lydia, and his four-year-old son, Fraser. But it's a pacing, restless, frustrated Heston his wife sees when he's not busy in a picture.

"Even my tennis deteriorates then," he cracked. "I play more when I'm off a picture but I play worse."

**RECORDING** of Biblical passages reveals Chuck's intensity as an actor. He's currently starring in MGM's epic picture, "Ben-Hur".





*he has a happy marriage, he's a happy man"*

"My disenchantment with myself is very specific and evident to my family. I'm just plain unhappy. But Lydia is inured to such moods. This is one of the advantages of being married to an actress. She understands the intricate workings of an actor's moods and mind.

"One of my few social virtues, however, is that in spite of all the jitters I go through, I have no temper, so I'm not given to blowing up. I just wander around for days saying, 'If I don't get some work, I'll go crazy.' Then a script arrives and after I've read it, I've been known to say, 'I wouldn't do that picture if I never worked again.' That's when Lydia really has to stretch her understanding and patience."

When he's not busy on a film, Chuck spends his time working at his painting, taking Fraser on outings or, on rare occasions and only when he's forced into it, on writing. He really abhors this, though.

As a husband, Chuck is very attentive and sensitive—and he remembers all anniversaries, with one outstanding exception.

On Chuck and Lydia's first trip to Europe a few years ago, he bought her a birthday present in Paris and held on to it until her actual birthday. By the time it did roll around, they



**PLAYBACK** of recording finds Chuck analyzing his performance. He doesn't believe in taking his work home with him, however.

were in Rome and Chuck was busy preparing for a movie. All during that day, Lydia waited for Chuck to say something. Finally, in the evening, as they entered their hotel, Lydia quietly remarked that apparently he had forgotten her birthday. Chuck literally collapsed on the floor of the Excelsior Hotel lobby, as he sheepishly gave her the present, accompanied by many excuses.

As a rule, he doesn't need an occasion to give Lydia something. He doesn't exactly shower her with gifts, but, as he says, "She does fairly well."

They were married on St. Patrick's Day in 1944—he insists he chose that day so he'd have a definite reminder for each anniversary. They've been together—happily—for 16 years.

They seldom work together in shows, although they recently appeared in summer stock in Santa Barbara in "State Of The Union". Lydia now considers her role as mother the important part of her life.

"She works just often enough to be reminded that she's an actress," Chuck commented slyly.

**T**HE two have managed to get along so well because they both have a sense of humor. As Chuck put it, "Any two people living together are bound to create tensions that must be discharged so a sense of humor is not only important—it's an absolute necessity."

When you ask Chuck about Lydia, his voice becomes softer. He doesn't toss out flowery words, but he speaks from the heart.

"Lydia has made me a grown man," he said honestly. "I was married when I was 19 and I was hardly mature then. I feel I am mature now, so Lydia obviously has done this for me. It is no exaggeration for a man to assume that because he has a happy marriage, he's a happy man. That's the way I feel anyway. You learn a lot of lessons about living in a marriage and you learn to compromise. And to have a successful married life means you have a degree of maturity.

"There is a completeness in our lives, Lydia's and mine. I don't think I'm the kind who needs a lot of attention or affection or constant demonstration that I'm needed. I don't have to have it proved over and over again to me each

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**"ACTING** is the all-consuming part of my life, outside of my role as a husband and a father," Chuck maintains steadfastly.







# Stupefyin' Newmar

*As "Stupefyin' Jones" in "Li'l Abner", Julie Newmar doesn't say a word, but with her figure, is it necessary?*

By JOHN MAYNARD

THE TEMPTATION to refer to Julie Newmar as Stupefyin' Newmar probably will have proved irresistible by now, mainly because Miss Newmar is the big beautiful party who plays the role of Stupefyin' Jones in the film version of the comic strip "Li'l Abner". It won't matter whether Julie is in fact stupefyin' or not, although in one way or another she is. She's tabbed, that's all.

One way or another. Well, this day in the functional, non-stupefyin' atmosphere of a movie set, she was stupefyin' for possibly four reasons. One was that she stands five feet and ten inches high; and she *was* standing barefoot in a sheer negligee over a flesh-colored slip over Miss Newmar, also flesh-colored. This may be either one reason or two. She was posing for still pictures that by and by will accompany the release of the picture "The Last Rookie", which is about a guy—never mind. It's too complicated.

A second, or third, thing was that she denied bitterly looking like a Julie Newmar sort, though obviously she does, and the fourth that she spoke with a slight but clearly marked Swedish accent. That last was really something, since Julie does not have a Swedish accent or any other kind and had not lately been in the proximity of any Swedes. If she had, that would have explained everything. "I tuck like whoever I'm weet'."

This last was in its way disconcerting, since her interviewer was a non-Scandinavian whose diction, such as it was, was inflected by nothing more exotic than West Hollywood. "But you're not weet' a Swede. With."

"I deedn' mean exoctly thot. You meck me *feel* like a Swede, you know what I mean? I'm very sensitive to atmosphere."

"She is fer a sure nuff fact," said the head cameraman, who couldn't have been more than four days out of Dallas. "Swut Ah'd call a wunnerful trait for an actress."

"Now Ah'm rollin' in Texas awl," said Stupefyin' Newmar.

"Lezz staht agin," said the questioner.

Julie Newmar is twenty-four or 'round about there, has no idea what she weighs and, as suggested, so very little about whom or what she is that it would depend entirely on a given time and given company. She reacts as sensitively as the film-goer who, having seen Ingrid Bergman, is for an hour or so Ingrid Bergman. Most of the past year, however, she has essayed a Swedish beauty in a New York play titled "Marriage Go Round", and this role she tends to carry about with her in her off-time, such as her Hollywood vacation-with-work. It's pretty good carrying, too, inasmuch as

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COMPARISONS with other large-sized actresses are odious to Julie Newmar.





photos by Peter Basch

**JULIE's** whims, such as speaking with a Swedish accent or Texas drawl, stem from what she claims is a "sensitivity to atmosphere."



*It is Julie's conviction that if a girl has nothing but a figure, she won't last as an actress*

her performance won her a Tony, the legitimate stage's dulcet answer to Hollywood's more blatant Oscar. Miss Newmar's Broadway Swede is a young lady of formidably high IQ who envisages a eugenic mating with the man portrayed by Charles Boyer. Miss Newmar states that this girl's an all right sort and disclaims vehemently the notion that she might be on the fun-loving side.

"But the man in the play—isn't he already married?"

"That's so, but why would a girl with an IQ so high not think of a perfect child?" said Miss Newmar, who wasn't a Swede for a moment but just a girl out of a Los Angeles high school, a lass with a bit of a combative streak. "She's not a home-wrecker."

Her logic seemed unassailable.

"All right," said Miss Newmar. "Next question?"

The next question was one Julie Newmar gets all the time and is going to get a lot more and that *really* antagonizes her. It's about what she looks like and whom she's going to be compared with because she can't very well help it. She has a way of answering it before it comes out.

"**N**OW tell me the truth," she said, waving her arms. "Did I remind you of anyone when you walked in here?"

"Since you ask—"

"No. No, I didn't. Next question?"

"Wait a minute. Jayne Mansfield. Same type."

"I'll kill you dead. I haven't got half Jayne Mansfield's ambition. Not a quarter. I don't see how she does it."

"Anita Ekberg, then."

"We're both Swedes. Where else is the resemblance?"

"Looks."

"What have looks to do with anything? No, I'm not going to be written off as this type or that type. I'm myself. If I'm not Julie Newmar, I don't want to hear about anybody. Not Marilyn Monroe. Not anybody. These girls are all very good, it isn't that. But I'm no accident, you understand? I'm a dancer since I was three years old. I'm going to make it on my own."

"In Hollywood?"

"In Hollywood, sure. If I don't, there's been a lot of time wasted. *My* time. When they were casting "Li'l Abner" for Broadway, I went right to the producers' office and said, 'I'm the girl you want for Stupefyin' Jones. So stop looking. And after a while they did. Stopped looking, I mean. "Marriage Go Round" came along. I *knew* I was it. And I was. I'm going back to New York and finish the run of that. Then Hollywood'll be waiting again. I have a five-picture deal with Paul Gregory."

A bystander cleared his throat and came to attention. "You haven't heard it all," he said. "Before she goes back to New York, this girl's going to Sweden for a vacation. No relatives there, friends, no nothing. She's been playing the part of a Swede so she decides to go Sweden. Talk about determination. Talk about atmospheric influences."

"I *am* a Swede, don't forget," said Julie. "By descent. Why shouldn't I go to Sweden?"

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**WHILE** in Hollywood, Julie dated, among others, Scott Brady and Gardner McKay, but she denies that she's in love with anyone.



# Why marriage must wait

*Not a man to take matrimony lightly,  
Gardner feels he must first  
find out who he is and where he's going  
before he can really settle down*

By JERRY ASHER

**G**ARDNER McKAY, the towering tantalizer of 20th Century-Fox's "Adventures In Paradise" TV series, is a man of mercurial moods. He explores every facet of anything that intrigues his analytical mind and he's equally intense on such diverse subjects as marriage—or picking up pebbles on the beach.

Picking up pebbles failed to fan the flame of curiosity, but like endless others—we did wonder why a 27-year-old eligible of eligibles in Hollywood's bachelor sweepstakes was still foot-loose and fancy-free. Far from being vague, or evasive, this hearty young soldier of fortune was fully-prepared to divulge his carefully considered reasons.

"In a certain sense, I'm like a man on a tightrope," Gardner expounded. "There is a choice of heading in one of two directions, but I guess I'm stuck in the middle—until I know which way to go. The fact that I've never been married doesn't mean that I haven't thought about it and at times—actually hungered for it. But I'm sure I've never been in love—not really in love the way I must be in love when I do marry. If the right girl came along, I think I'd know the moment I met her and then I'm sure—I *wouldn't* wait! But in the meantime and this will sound contradictory, because marriage is so sacred to me, I admit I'm afraid of it.

"For obvious reasons, I guess, I'm easily misunderstood and after a first meeting, people often criticise me. Sometimes they assume I'm one type of person and it's up to me to prove I'm another. Take the wives of my married friends, who sigh over my 'sad' plight of living alone and not liking it—they think! Their concern touches me, but it makes me smile to myself.

"You see, there is a great difference between loneliness and incompleteness. Today, with all that's happening for me, there is no time for loneliness. And regardless, how could anyone be lonely in a world where there are so many fascinating places to see, so much to learn and endless things to do! It's true, however—I do feel incomplete. Marriage might be the answer, generally speaking. But as an individual, I can't accept this theory and act accordingly.

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**THOUGH** he lives alone, Gardner has no time to be lonely, but does feel his life to be incomplete. Could marriage be the answer?

**DREAMY-eyed** Gardner cuddles at side of pool with Marsha Krell, one of many girls he enjoys dating.



"As I said before, I have never been seriously, deeply in love. To be in love this way, I could never look at another girl—and I still like to look! The companionship of the opposite sex, I find, is both a comforting and stimulating requisite to my being a bachelor. But marriage isn't like buying a coat—or picking out a room mate at college. It's a commitment for life, regardless of personal religious belief, and I could never consider a trial marriage, or a hasty marriage. If this is the way one feels, why marry at all? At least it's a good aim to think my way, don't you agree? Otherwise in marriage, you just become a good liar."

During rare moments of exposing his vulnerable heart, Gardner McKay will discuss the austere father who awed him and undoubtedly marked his life. Being older than the average man when Gardner was born, the senior McKay was quite a disciplinarian. Established in the business world, he lacked proper time to spend with his two sons and Gardner was never quite sure that his father understood him, as his mother understood him.

Being on the move a lot, he had attended 13 schools by the time he graduated from high school. Additional discipline, which included a teacher in Paris who was determined to make him a right-hander, caused him to stutter. Rebellion was born within him and the list lengthened of things he felt must be overcome before he could accept a pattern-design for living. Thus Gardner grew up, yearning to feel free of everything—knowing deep-down that first he must be free of himself.

"MY father was 33 when he married," says Gardner reflectively, "and I think this is a little late to be starting a family. I don't want this to happen to me, but I still feel I must wait until I know *who* I am and *where* I am going, before I settle down. My brother Hugh, a year and a half



**WANDERLUST** is still a part of Gardner who, having been strongly regimented in his early life, hasn't yet had his fill of freedom.



**PIPE** mixture gets a wee bit 'o seasoning from a whisky bottle.

older than I, has been married for five years. His marriage is a great source of inspiration and I am a thrilled uncle—but of course—he can't be married for both of us. Wanderlust is still a part of me and I was so regimented in my early life, I just haven't had my fill of freedom, I guess. Being on a boat makes me feel free as the air and this is why I love sailing and travel. Now a dog makes a wonderful sailing companion, but you couldn't expect a wife to take off on a moment's notice. This would be unfair and neither would I want to subject her to all of the crude inconveniences."

Wise as well as wary, Gardner is mindful of career hazards and the part they play in cementing relationships—and destroying them. Being a student of life and a keen observer of human behaviorism, he's already evaluated his current taste of fame and the possible consequences.

"Wonderful as my break is," he analyses, "right now it has also put me on the spot and therefore my career must have first consideration. Before marriage—before everything. As a rule, when someone gets a break in pictures, he's already put in enough acting mileage to smooth off the rough edges. I'm not scared easily, but when you suddenly realize over 50 million people see your first TV starring role, you're overwhelmed with a sense of responsibility. Here again, this situation would be tough on a wife and at this moment,



be when I marry. But if the right girl came along, I think I'd know the moment I met her"



ONCE a professional photographer, Gardner's still a shutterbug.

have no way of knowing how gathering pressures are going to affect me.

"If you're too sensitive you're like a weather vane and if it rains, in a manner of speech, then you rain inside. I think I'd make a difficult husband under such circumstances, but I think I'd be amenable, otherwise. At times I might be moved to sit silently and glower, so why should a wife have to put up with this? Undoubtedly, there are stronger temptations if one becomes a hotter property and while it wouldn't destroy me if I failed to become a lasting Hollywood success, I'd like to justify the faith placed in me. But how would I react—how will I react? *Not* the way a friend of mine reacted—I hope!

"This friend was a talented, but struggling singer who happened to get his break about a year after he married. Naturally, the acclaim was music to his ears and stimulated his flagging ego. Unfortunately, it also gave him an exaggerated and superficial sense of importance. So he became dissatisfied with his way of life, his home, his possessions and eventually—the wife he loved now seemed stale. Everything had changed, he thought, and in reality only *he* had changed—not for the better. I don't mean to criticise this fellow, for it's possible that the same thing could happen to me or anyone under the same circumstances. However, I'd sure fight to keep it from happening and preserve my wife's love



BOILED eggs are the height of Gardner's culinary achievements.

during the process," he concluded, with fervent determination.

At this embryonic stage, Gardner McKay is not in the chips. He drives a two-year-old convertible and lives in a moderate-priced, slightly-Bohemian Laurel Canyon apartment. It consists of one large glassed-in room, a bathroom and a counter holding a hot plate and fronted by high stools. Stacked on one long table, there are many magazines, many books, pictures he has taken, sculpture by his own talented hands, a typewriter which usually holds a page of unfinished copy and records, dozens and dozens of records.

Gardner likes to live with a wide open door and "Pussy-cat" (the only name his shaggy dog responded to) has full run of the place. Birds fly in and out and on occasion an inquisitive opossum will wander down from the hills and peer through the doorway. There's a rifle standing in one corner to ward off unwelcome guests from the animal kingdom and Gardner covers his bathroom walls with favorite magazine pictures, which he changes around constantly.

"I love my place," he enthuses, "but it's hardly the proper setting for a little woman to enjoy the creature comforts of married life." Asked to give a thumb-nail description of his bucolic diggings, the lord and master looks thoughtful. Then his handsome features break into an engaging grin.

"Let's just say," he nods knowingly, "that it's furnished in *Early Chàos!*"

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# The Many Faces of Jerry Lewis

*On his recent 19-hour telethon for the Muscular*



**OPERA** singer gives out pear-shaped tones.



**LANCER** shows off stiff upper lip.



**SEXY** Remy Harrison he ain't.



**HOW** come it looked so good on Chevalier?



**DISC** jockey gets call from D.A.



*Dystrophy Associations of America, Jerry mugged, clowned and hammed it up in his best form*



**ELATED** by pledges of donations, Jerry breaks into broad grin. **END**

photos by Curt Gunther, Topix



# Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

## A Touch Of Larceny

**B**EACHED by the Admiralty, Commander James Mason is hard put to finding divertissement while in dry-dock. This situation is much alleviated when ex-war-time chum George Sanders heaves to with fiancée Vera Miles in tow. Though he doesn't immediately convince Vera that Sanders is not her cup of tea, Mason is smitten. To add the spark he lacks—money—he thinks up a scheme well calculated to bring in the loot. If he can disappear, make some vital hush-hush submarine data vanish at the same time, he's positive the newspapers would add two and two together and make some marvelous headlines calling him a traitor. Then, he'll simply turn up, say he was stranded while out in his small boat, show the plans to be still in the Admiralty but filed in another drawer, and proceed to sue the print off the papers for defamation of character. Positively brilliant! But after Mason's disappearance, even though the newspapers act exactly as predicted, the results are completely unexpected thanks to the perversities of woman. Light and completely fascinating, this is a top suspense yarn. (Paramount.)

## Cash McCall

**H**IGH finance and Natalie Wood combine to keep tycoon James Garner ever alert. Latest in the rash of stories about big business, this probes deftly into such frothy items as controlling interest via stock manipulation, mergers, and the practice of buying up doddering industrial ventures for resale and quick financial killings. You might call this a view-it-yourself kit for aspiring millionaires. Included in the graphic set of instructions is a pertinent footsie note on how to mix women with business especially if daddy happens to own a corporation, too. Visually the sort of man on whom money looks good, Garner also takes to \$250 custom-fitted suits as well as to uniforms and Western togs. Along with Natalie, Dean Jagger and Nina Foch switch on the sidelights for this financial breast-baring. (Warner Bros.)

## The Gene Krupa Story

**H**OW many careers have been started by a parent saying: "Never! Never! Over my dead body you'll . . ." With Gene Krupa, played by Sal Mineo, it was



SCENE from "The Gene Krupa Story" with Sal Mineo, Susan Kohner, and James Darren

the drums that his father, a hard-working miner, wouldn't tolerate. What happened Krupa became, not a priest as his father wished, but one of the greatest drummers of his time. Talented though he was, fame took her sweet time tapping him on the padded shoulder. When he does finally make the grade, he goes slightly berserk seeing all the goodie thrown his way. He starts living it up so high, he needs a prop to keep him there. The dream ends when he's booked on a charge of possessing marijuana. A six months jail sentence wasn't the only penalty he had to pay, either. Along with Sal, who pounds a fine drum himself, are James Darren, Susan Kohner and a line-up of famous jazz musicians add their talents to this brush with the seamier side of music. (Columbia.)

## Who Was That Lady?

**A** TELEVISION writer, it's Dean Martin's business to potz around in flights of fiction. But when he carries his talents into the lives of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis . . . incredible! Caught in the act of being kissed by a student, Columbia University professor Curtis sees his marriage wrecked unless Dino can help. In response, The Brain churns out the imaginative pastiche: Curtis is an F.B.I. agent assigned to keep check on the professors involved in top-secret government projects. The kiss was in the line of duty. Janet is overwhelmed. Not only does she believe the story, but her interest in husband Curtis takes on new dimensions. A fake ID card and a prop gun add the final touch. A grand time, to be sure, it had by all until the real F.B.I., Central Intelligence, and a brace of communists start making Tony and Dean live their comedy of errors. Slick nonsense that dashes all over New York City in delightful, zany fashion. (Columbia.)



HIGH finance and Natalie Wood combine to keep James Garner alert in "Cash McCall".

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# Hollywood Love Life

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was delayed two weeks and she couldn't get home for Christmas. They picked up enormous phone bills. Roger had their house redecorated while Vickie was away but she had planned the changes. "I wouldn't risk them on my own," says Roger. He bought their son and daughter a puppy and a coal black kitten for extra company while Mom was away.

**SUCCESS!**—Gardner McKay really has made with the fans. In the mail the other day came a letter from one of Rock Hudson's fan clubs which read "Drop dead! You're cutting in on our Rock!" Although critics panned his acting, fans really love him. Proof is not only in his tremendous fan mail but that all visitors to 20th Century studio for the last several months asked to visit his "Adventures In Paradise" set. Finally, in desperation, the director ordered a "No Visitors" sign. Gardner has been working with a dialogue coach and he's also "loosened up" in his acting, as you may have noticed. His romance with Joan Collins is all over; he's resumed dates with Maria Cooper and has "discovered" Margo Moore. That's nice discovering. Margo is a real beauty, as an inspiring story. At 13, she was stricken with polio, spent two years in neck-to-hip cast but went on to become model and actress. She was in "Hound Dog Man", now has the top femme role opposite Ernie Kovacs in "Wake Me When It's Over".

**NEW MAN**—Joan Collins' new heart interest is Warren Beaty, Shirley MacLaine's brother. Joan had a free month between "Seven Thieves" and "Sons And Lovers", went East to see Warren in a play he's doing. She was in Washington for the try-out, also in New York for the opening there.

**REAL THING**—Studio publicity departments often arrange dates for young players, strictly for publicity. But sometimes they click. Warners "suggested" that Troy Donahue escort starlet Diane McBain to the Deb Star Ball. They had a ball at the ball and have had lotsa dates since, with no urging from the Front Office. Diane is an ash blonde, 17-year-old local girl. She's been signed by Warners, has been in many of their TV series and now has a good role in the movie "Ice Palace".

**WRONG RING**—Juliet Prowse, the French dancer who is sensational in "Can-Can" with Frank Sinatra and Shirley MacLaine—you've probably seen her on Frankie's TV spec—has been steady dating young actor Nico Minardos. To her surprise, she received a three-carat diamond ring in the mail, but from the wrong man. It was from her former dance partner in Europe and she's returning it.

"I'm not marrying anyone now," says Juliet. Nico was the first husband of Ty Power's widow, Debbie, who recently married producer Arthur Loew, Jr. And that marriage ended rumors that Rock Hudson was "romancing" Debbie.

**CHANGES**—Tuesday Weld, who has been widely criticized, even in broad-minded Hollywood, for dating 44-year-old John Ireland, is getting interested in "younger men," although they're still not in her 16-year-bracket. Recently she's been dating Fred Winston, a UCLA student, and Dave Gershenson, a young press agent. Friends say she's "flipped" for Dave, a "sane, steady-going guy," quite unlike some of her former beatnik pals. But Tuesday is as changeable as a chameleon. Two other changes in her life: she had her name legally changed from Susan to Tuesday and she's been learning to drive a car, an added hazard on our Freeways!

**BIG PRESENT**—When John Smith was on a personal appearance tour in Idaho he bought a cute little two-pound Chesapeake Bay retriever pup for his best girl, Luana Patten. But Luana's landlady refused to let her keep the pup, which she named Juan. John took it back. After 17 weeks the "pup" weighed 50 pounds and John learned it will gain another 30 before it has full growth! The "Laramie" star says his bachelor digs won't be big enough for both Juan and John then, so he's looking around for a bigger apartment.

**DATE BAIT**—Since the romance of Keith Larsen and Taina Elg has simmered down to the "just good friends" stage, Keith has been dating other gals, including Rhonda Fleming, and is regarded as one of the most eligible bache-

lors in town. "Eligible" is an understatement. He's handsome and owns a housing development at Malibu reputedly worth a quarter of a million! Keith asked for and received his release from MGM where he made "Northwest Passage" and has signed for a new TV series.

**\$\$\$ MAN**—Another young man very much in the dough department these days is Tab Hunter. He's been neglecting the gals to concentrate on biznez. Besides acting, he's recorded his first country-music album, "RFD—Tab Hunter" and now goes on a trip to the Orient, visiting Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore and Cambodia for a new export-import firm that he's started!

**IRONIC**—Shortly before their wedding, Brett Halsey played opposite his lollapaluzzi, Luciana Paluzzi, in a "Five Fingers" TV segment. But he didn't get his real-life gal; co-star David Hedison always wins in the end. Luciana's mother came over from Italy for the wedding and gave the bride an intensive course of cooking lessons. Luciana claims she turns out a great pizza. And Hedison is giving her a file of Armenian recipes which have come down through his family for generations. Dave has rented a house once owned by Jean Harlow, and his idea of a party is to be not only the host but the chef as well. His specialty is shish kebab with pilaff.

**SECRETIVE**—Sandra Dee has had some dates recently with Dwayne Hickman and says she "likes him a lot," but her best beau, tall, dark and handsome, is not an actor and she won't tell his name. They avoid the "pop" places of the younger crowd on their dates . . . Carol Lynley is playing it cool on her new romance, too. She says it's all over for her and Brandon de Wilde and she's "interested" in a boy attending the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Conn. "Since he's not in the movies I don't think

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**TWO NEW** members of the Hollywood young set are Maggie Pierce and George Hamilton.



**GAZING** into each other's eyes is favorite pastime of Lori Nelson and Burt Reynolds.



## HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

continued

*he'd like to have his name publicized," says she demurely.*

**TOGETHER**—Peter Graves is very concerned over the marital problems of brother Jim Arness. To avoid any possibility of trouble in his own happy marriage, sometimes caused by a long separation, Peter had his wife Joan and their three daughters go with him to Australia for the duration of shooting his new "Whiplash" TV series there. He writes from Sydney: "After five years of 'Fury', I'm used to competing with a horse and a small boy. But how do I go about stealing scenes from a kangaroo?"

**GREAT DATE**—Bob Horton had a letter from his English fan club informing him there are now 5,000 members—all girls—in London and asking that he come over to visit. Says the "Wagon Train" star, "I can hardly wait. Wotta deal for a bachelor!" Cindy Robbins, his favorite date, decided to stay in New York for a while although the Broadway show in which she was appearing folded.

**HAPPY DAYS**—Fabian will be back in Our Town when you read this, to do "Daddy-O" with Bing Crosby and the teenagers will be happy, happy, happy. The young singer managed to find time during his p.a. tours to drop post cards to all his Hollywood dates—including Annette Funicello, Kathy Kersh, Judy Harriet and Wendy Human, the cute local

high school girl who interviewed him. He later took her to the Coconut Grove and he arranged by long distance with his studio to have her especially invited to the first preview of his first picture, "The Hound Dog Man". He's a very thoughtful boy. Wendy, quite understandably, thinks he's The Most.

**NO DIET PROBLEM**—Roger Moore's wife, Dorothy, went to England for a five-week visit with relatives but returned to spend the holidays here with him—and brought his parents with her as a surprise. Roger says he has no desire to return to England. He's really hit his stride here, is great in "The Miracle" and "Rachel Cade" and has won flocks of femme fans with his "Alaskans" series. He really burns up energy. After a big steak lunch he crams his pockets with candy bars to eat during the afternoon. And he doesn't gain an ounce!

**NO DECISION**—Vera Miles returned from her three-month's "Jovanka" location in Europe and immediately started working in Alfred Hitchcock's "Psycho". She refuses to discuss possible reconciliation or divorce with Gordon Scott until she finishes this film. She says the separation is "amicable"—which, of course, can mean anything.

**BABY TALK**—Ty Hardin has been bustin' his buttons with pride since wife Andra Martin presented him with twins John and Jeff. Andra's Swedish mother, who has been visiting them, calls the babies "Yon" and "Yeff." **END**

## Suddenly, Last Summer

**A** GAIN playwright Tennessee Williams shows his talent for dealing with the rotten, soft, underside of a facet of life humanity can do without. And again Elizabeth Taylor shows her incredible aptitude for portraying a beautiful weak victim of destiny. Without the audience ever seeing the face of brilliant young poet Sebastian Venable in the film, but having watched his mother, Katharine Hepburn, you know there's a hidden basis for the murky under-current of suspicion and evil surrounding his untimely death. What happened during his holiday with Cousin Liz at a Spanish seaside resort sounds so bizarre and insane. Katharine has Elizabeth committed to psychiatric care. Fortunately, Dr. Montgomery Clift believes his patient sane and one life is rescued from this cesspool of depravity. Well done drama with some staggering twists. (Columbia.)

## The Flying Fontaines

**T**ALENTED though he is flitting from trapeze to trapeze, Michael Callan is slightly unbalanced character-wise. He has an idea his father, a retired aerialist, is jealous of his talent. Then there's this thing with high flying Evy Norlund—when she goes for Rian Garrick, another aerialist, well—some girls just don't know from nothin'. One fine Technicolored day while feeling sorry for himself, Nothin' Callan, drunk as a lord, causes a near fatal accident to Garrick. Papa disowns him, Evy is as an icicle, and Garrick will never fly again, but luck boots Callan to fame. Evy's father hires him for the act. Callan is terrific! Stupendous! Colossal! But still a bum. However, when a vengeful Garrick reappears, Callan becomes living proof that there's nothing like a good fall on the head to bring some to their senses. (Columbia.)

## Goliath And The Barbarians

**F**ORTUNATELY for Steve Reeves legend has provided enough muscle men to keep him in business for years. This time, to revenge his father's brutal murder and the horrible destruction of his village, Goliath Reeves takes on the job of ridding 5th Century Italy of wild Barbarians led by Bruce Cabot. To accomplish this, he goes through all sorts of feats of strength. Yet with all his aversion for the Barbarians there are two items he'd be crazy not to keep for Italian posterity: the orgy dances, and Chelo Alonso, an ex-"Follies Bergere" dancer so unaccustomed to clothing that she's constantly spilling out of her Barbarian duds. Just as this utilizes every one of Reeve's living muscles, the Totalscope Color camera never skips over a puddle of blood. So what if the dubbing gets a teensy bit out of sync, or if the production is a bit rough around the edges, live a little in your imagination, kid. (American-International.) **END**

## Coming Attractions

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### Masters Of The Congo Jungle

**B**ECAUSE even the jungle must eventually succumb to progress, this was made to capture all the essence and meaning of life in the Belgian Congo as it's lived today. Narrated with restrained eloquence and understanding by Orson Welles, this is a joy to the senses. For 94 minutes you are off in a Technicolor wonderland where values have been rubbed down to the essentials by nature. Here, man is not an exalted being, merely part of the tangled growth, the sounds, and the movements of the jungle. Like the animals and wild things around him, he has nothing to help him survive except that which nature gave him. Yet with all that he doesn't have, these people, with their scarred, pitted faces, used bodies, and rotted teeth, have a great perception we have lost: they accept nature without trying to change the pattern. Filmed in Deluxe color, this is truly a timeless masterpiece that should win many awards. (20th Century-Fox.)

### The Subterraneans

**W**ELL, the beatniks finally made it—a picture all their very own. Representing a rather healthy aspect of this new beat generation is George Peppard. An aspiring novelist, his mother, Anne Seymour, wants better he should get a steady job and settle down. When the poor woman said *settle down*, she didn't mean like living in cellars which is what happens to Peppard once he meets Leslie Caron, beautiful but beat. Together they slither from cellar dive to coffee house then on to the fresh clean air of a shade-drawn basement apartment. Interrupting this underground idyll, Janice Rule has a collection of repressions Peppard feels he must help her overcome. An analyst, a yogi soothsayer, and a saxophonist-turned-minister try to get Leslie and Peppard's gears to mesh again, but wouldn't you know it! It takes a simple, basic fact to turn the trick. Entertainment, similar in quality, may be had any humid, dank afternoon turning over rocks. (MGM.)



# Long Distance Love

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ee, the cooperative, sensible, earnest  
ess, simply slipped away from Holly-  
d on alternate Friday nights, perfect-  
her 25-minute departure routine. An  
t p.m. takeoff from L.A.'s International  
port landed her in New York at six  
next morning. By taxi-ing to the Col-  
n apartment, Lee was able to join her  
band for breakfast. He was always  
prised; he kept expecting her to be  
nd out and de-winged.

y flying out of La Guardia Sunday at  
night, Lee was able to reach Holly-  
d in time to shower, gulp a cup of  
ee, and report to the studio bright-  
d and a little smug over her secret.

t was during one of these stolen week-  
s that the Collerans pioneered a family  
e that has stood them in good stead  
r since. One Saturday evening in the  
dleglow of their favorite bistro, they  
into discussion—over a glass of sherry  
f foreign affairs. Bill had one idea  
ut the activities of the U.S. State De-  
tment. Lee held another.

Bill became slightly intense about it.  
e, in the indulgent manner of woman-  
d's standard reaction to man's academic  
ussion, remained unruffled. Smiling,  
e changed the subject. "I'm starved,"  
said.

A silence fell between them as they  
olled toward the small restaurant that  
d become "theirs" during the year of  
ir courtship. Lee, busy with thoughts  
ut the picture she had abandoned in  
ollywood, had forgotten the problems  
the State Department in the first block.  
e had no idea that her preoccupation  
s weighing Bill with a feeling of guilt  
d remorse.

When Lee paused before a brightly  
hted display window, Bill said, "Honey,  
n awful sorry. I didn't mean to get car-  
d away with world affairs."

In the same breath, Lee said, "Look,  
ll! Isn't that dress terrific?"

It was a flame-colored chiffon cocktail  
wn with a fitted bodice and a volumin-  
s skirt.

"I'll buy it for you," Bill announced,  
opping on the window.

The store was closed but obliging sales  
ople responded to the gestures of two  
early interested customers. When Lee  
ed on the dress, it fitted as if it had  
en made for her.

Blissfully, husband and wife left the  
ore hand in hand, the dress package se-  
re under Bill's arm. "Tell you what,"  
e said. "Every time I get carried away  
a some subject and give you trouble, I'll  
ay you a chiffon dress. Okay?"

"Okay," agreed Lee. She is still waiting  
r that second "chiffon-apology" with  
ixed emotions. It would be nice to add  
her wardrobe, but Bill has never since  
unded off.

He has even held his peace about her  
ghts of fancy in the kitchen. Just before

Christmas, 1957 (Lee's first as Mrs. Col-  
leran), Lee decided that Christmas Eve  
should be made memorable. She hit upon  
the idea of serving Bill an Old English  
holiday dinner, complete with roast goose  
stuffed with chestnut dressing and served  
with creamed onions. For dessert there  
should be a flaming plum pudding.  
Naturally, there should be iced cham-  
pagne to start the dinner, accompany it,  
and grace the dessert.

The goose was delivered early on the  
morning of December 24th, a moment  
before Lee had to leave the apartment  
to fulfill a TV commitment. It was frozen.

Her cookbook noted that a goose of its  
labelled weight would take three hours to  
roast. With a fond pat Lee stowed the  
goose in the freezing compartment of the  
refrigerator and tripped forth into the  
sunshine of a December day.

Three hours before serving time, Lee  
withdrew the fowl from the freezer, singed  
him, and tried to insert the chestnut dress-  
ing. Turned out that the giblets were  
frozen in the stuffing department and noth-  
ing, not ice pick, game shears, or ex-  
pletive would set them free.

She preheated the oven and tucked the  
goose inside, closing the oven door with  
more vigor than necessary. Next, she  
placed the stuffing, meatloaf fashion, in a  
casserole and congratulated herself on hav-  
ing outwitted the goose.

When Bill came home the table was  
snowy with wedding gift linen, and glist-  
ened with wedding silver. The tall red  
candles were lighted, the champagne was  
chilled, the radio was playing Christmas  
carols, and Lee was resplendent in a red  
hostess gown. The Collerans clinked  
glasses gaily.

Catastrophe arrived with the dinner  
hour. When the goose was removed from  
the oven, Lee found that it had melted  
on the surface only in three hours. The  
stuffing was flat and unpalatable (dressing  
needs the juice of a roasting bird to give  
it character). So they ate creamed onions  
and plum pudding, and hamburgers from  
the delicatessen.

**I**N the spring of 1958, Lee and Bill fled  
a blizzard of TV and film offers and  
flew to Europe for a three-month honey-  
moon. They fell in love with Venice, and  
in gondola trips to and fro on the Grand  
Canal they fell in love with the song sung  
by the gondoliers entitled, "Volare".

Carried away by the magic of Italian  
spring and music, and their own love,  
they bought a dozen recordings of "Vo-  
lare" to bring back to friends. When they  
returned to New York, the first sound that  
greeted their arrival at Idlewild was the  
public address system's well-worn rendi-  
tion of "Volare".

Another Venetian purchase had a  
happier sequel. Without knowing that  
Katherine Lee Colleran was on her way,



**ALTHOUGH** an earnest actress, Lee is also devoted to her husband and little baby girl.

they bought a full wardrobe for an infant  
girl. She was born on January 27, 1959.

Kate was five weeks old when Lee  
signed to star in "Anatomy Of Murder"  
and prepared to jet to Michigan for the  
location, taking her daughter along.

Bill was in complete agreement with the  
project, but Lee's friends inquired in hor-  
rified tones, "You surely aren't going to  
take a five-week-old baby to *Michigan* in  
the dead of winter, are you?"

Lee answered calmly, "There are babies  
being born every day, winter or summer,  
in Michigan and they get along fine. Kate  
will too."

So far, Kate has made three round-  
trips between New York and California,  
has spent two months in Michigan, a week  
on Cape Cod, a week on Long Island, and  
two months in Tennessee. She has never  
known a sick day and she is at home  
everywhere, biting anything inanimate and  
making friends with all things animate.

Lee has left Kate in Hollywood with  
her nurse and Bill on only one occasion:  
when Lee flew to the Venice Film Festival  
in the summer of 1959, and stopped en  
route home for a few days in Paris and  
London. Kate scarcely seemed to have  
missed her mother, aside from the fact  
that she had learned during Lee's absence  
to say "Dadadada". It is suspected that  
she may have had some coaching.

To minimize separations, the Collerans  
now have headquarters on both coasts, and  
have been able to correlate their activi-  
ties. Lee regards the double residence plan  
as an advantage. She says, "If we were  
determined to live only in one locality,  
our working opportunities would be cut  
in half, and that goes for our income, too.  
Living part time on either side of the  
continent gives us the experience of two  
different climates, insight into the atti-  
tudes and enthusiasms of two different  
societies, and friendships with twice one's  
usual variety of fascinating people. How-  
ever, it all comes down to this: a family  
can be happy anywhere as long as the  
essence of its way of life is love. Love  
present, or love at long distance forever  
turned toward home."

END



# Why Greg Peck Walked Out

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"We used to wonder," one studio veteran confided, "if they'd ever finish the picture. It never occurred to us that they might not start it."

This foreboding stemmed from an awareness of fundamentally differing attitudes that Greg and Marilyn had cultivated toward their art.

"Peck's very precise," it was pointed out. "He comes on time. He's serious about his work, and expects others to be just as serious. Marilyn, of course, may take it into her head halfway in the picture not to show up. It's always possible with her that she may not turn up on any given date."

**G**REG worries a lot," my informant observed. "He has changed a good deal, and so has Marilyn, as everyone knows. Peck now rehearses a lot. He doesn't want anyone on the set seeing him rehearse. He didn't used to be that way."

Marilyn, of course, has been that way for quite a while. She is famous for her attacks of jitters while a picture is in production. It was a fear of two touchy people too much involved with their own phobias. The fear, in short, was that a time bomb was ticking away and that it would likely go off somewhere around mid-picture. There was no suspicion that actually it was a pineapple with a short fuse, and that it already was burning merrily toward the point of detonation.

When Marilyn reported for work, she was well fortified. One flank was protected by her drama coach, Paula Strasberg. The other was grimly walled off by her husband, playwright Arthur Miller, who would seem as compulsively caught up with Marilyn's welfare as with the woes of the world.

Arthur and Marilyn took one look at the working script—the blue script as they call it at the studio—and hastily confirmed Marilyn's earlier diagnosis. Her part, if not her anatomy, needed firming up. Miller put his Pulitzer prize hand to it, and the happier Marilyn got with the revisions, strangely enough, the gloomier Peck got.

Not that Peck, who is justly known for his magnanimity, wasn't magnanimous in the beginning. He conceded that Marilyn's part, in the original script, could stand some enlargement without damage to his prestige. And this despite the fact that he, not Marilyn, had script approval.

However, even when the please-Marilyn campaign seemed to him to get out of hand. Peck was not one to make a scene. His announced reason for bolting was that the delayed start in shooting—delayed, incidentally, by pro-Marilyn changes in the script—would extend the agreed upon stop-date by one week. Under these circumstances, Greg maintained, as if nothing else was bugging him, he could not finish in time to meet his next com-

mitment, "The Guns Of Navarone", which is to be filmed in Greece.

Peck admittedly was on firm contractual ground, but there was little doubt that an accommodation of conflicting dates might have been worked out if Greg cared to go ahead. It was just about the time the picture's title was changed to "Let's Make Love". Peck's tart rejoinder was, "Let's not." No one familiar with the backstage pouting was naive enough to question what really triggered his exit.

Promptly thereafter Hollywood repaired to its joyous post mortem sport of choosing up sides. Oddly enough, Marilyn found more support than might have been expected within the palace walls—a palace whose offerings she has repeatedly spurned and whose nourishing paternal hand has felt the bite of her ungrateful teeth more than once.

"Arthur Miller did work on some scenes," I was informed by an objective studio source. "The studio felt they were not serious changes. Peck felt they were, so he bowed out."

The consensus of opinion among disinterested studio observers who had seen the script revisions was that they did not substantially alter the picture or downgrade Peck's part. This inescapably left the door open to the suggestion that Greg may have felt, since he did have script approval, that he should have been consulted and/or that being only human he resented being taken for granted while Marilyn was being fawned over.

There was nothing to support a case of personal feuding or fussing. The one time Greg and Marilyn met was during a



**PRECISE**, punctual and serious about his work, Greg expects others to be the same.

dance rehearsal, and they were entirely cordial. Even if they eventually might have gotten on each other's nerves, they didn't have the opportunity.

As far as the public is concerned Marilyn is more crisis prone than the seemingly imperturbable Peck. Her sword crossing with Sir Laurence Olivier during the shooting of "The Prince And The Showgirl" was an internationally reported sample of what might be expected from the new and more assertive, but apparently still insecure, Marilyn. There were rumblings of script-concessions to Marilyn on "The Prince And The Showgirl" and she didn't exactly get the short end of the writer's stick on "Some Like It Hot".

Marilyn, lovable and cuddly as she is, can be a problem.

It is true that fundamentally Peck is as reliable as ever. In many respects, he doesn't seem to have an erratic bone in his Lincolnshire body. But what is not generally known is that Greg has been growing more demanding in the practice of his trade—albeit not unpleasant.

**I**T was he who insisted on making the script revision in "Beloved Infidel" with Deborah Kerr. He had no qualms what ever over bending the image of the late F. Scott Fitzgerald to the convenience of his own personality and acting range.

"No sir," the man at 20th nodded, "this isn't anything brand new with Peck. He made an awful lot of changes on 'Beloved Infidel', and he's been persnickety about his scripts for some time. In fact, it's been the talk of the industry in recent years. He and Willie Wyler had a helluva thing on 'Big Country'. Apparently, he has the impression he knows what he wants to do in pictures. I guess as long as he can make it stick, why shouldn't he? Of course, Marilyn's a bit of a pip, too."

Whatever the merits of the tempest there was no shortage of volunteers to fill in for Peck. The prospect of playing opposite Marilyn, even as watered down co-stars, did not seem to discourage some of Hollywood's most glittering males from offering themselves as replacements.

Within 24 hours, a dazzling list of possibilities was being publicly considered among them Cary Grant, Charlton Heston, David Niven and Rock Hudson. If any were insulted at the suggestion of handling Peck's rejected skirmish with Marilyn they neglected to tell their press agents. As this was written, Rock Hudson was being most ardently wooed, and reportedly was so eager to take his chances with a Marilyn-oriented script that he was begging his studio to okay a loanout.

Meanwhile, once out of it, Peck did his best to maintain a cheerful aloofness. He was even philosophical about the arduous dance rehearsals that had come to naught.

"At least," he grinned, "I learned to do the buck and wing, the double wing, a time step, off to Buffalo and the fly away."

And considering private estimations of his displeasure, he executed the fly away very gracefully, indeed.

END



# Why Edd Byrnes Walked Out

continued from page 13

tioning under his pressures were dly serious to Edd. He felt that he expected to carry himself like a brity—to dress the part and live the t so that his fans would not be let wn. To him, it was a simple case of nomic gloomsville. His expenses kept raling while his income lagged.

He gave up his bachelor apartment and ighed himself down with a fat mortgage a new home in the Hollywood Hills. home befitting a star. He lived like a r and he dressed like a star. He was tting when he shelled out \$240 for a edo, and he hurts every time he adds ew suit to his wardrobe, a wardrobe of splendor and magnitude befitting the ect of such adulation. He has a private lor on the East Coast, and a private lor in Hollywood. He has all his suits ade to order—invariably with expensive d lining and turned up cuffs. This haber-shery usually sets him back in the ighborhood of \$300. "Kookie" thinks owes it to his fans, but he doesn't like ring it to his tailor at the same time.

"You may not believe it," a confidant me vehemently to his defense, "but the eedometer on his Thunderbird needs re-iring. He can't even afford to send his el friend flowers. Figure it out yourself. e doesn't cook. He eats all his meals at. If he buys only one \$300 suit a onth, makes his payments on the house, ays the secretary he had to hire to answer his fan mail, and pays the clean- g woman who comes in twice a week, hat could be left?"

What was left, as negotiations droned n, was a young man determined to get a etter shake for himself on the one hand nd on the other hand, equally determined ot to burn any bridges behind him.

For the most part, the studio co- perated in preserving this polite facade. "Kookie's" revolt was not even acknowl- dged as a walkout. It was pointed out by e studio and his personal press agent like that he was on layoff, not suspen- ion. A false report that "Kookie" had uit in the middle of shooting was cate- rically—and accurately—denied.

In truth it was a long established policy or the stars to rotate in the series, with "Kookie" frequently appearing only in he beginning and the end. Nor was it nusual for "77 Sunset Strip" to keep olling before the cameras while "Kookie" was out of town on a p.a. tour.

**IT WAS** further pointed out that the series had eight or ten completed seg- ments replete with "Kookie's" charming presence. The general supposition—or hope—on both sides was that the dif- ferences would be resolved before that reserve was depleted.

Nevertheless, Edd's demand for a better deal had wrought more havoc than was declared. The fact was that while he was

out, the "77 Sunset Strip" set was dark. Through adroit management, the studio was not forced to attribute the shutdown to Edd's recalcitrance. It avoided this em- barrassment by the simple expedient of casting non-rebellious Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., in a segment of "The Alaskans".

As this magazine went to press, a new segment of "77 Sunset Strip" was scheduled a week away with "Kookie's" name on the call sheet. There were con- fident predictions that all the teeth in "Kookie's" comb would be sparkling free of dandruff by then, and that harmony—if not normalcy by old standards—would be restored.

"I don't think he'll get what he wants," dissented a friendly but informed source at the studio. "I know Edd's been threat- ening to do this for some time. But I think he made a mistake. I don't think the studio will budge."

What Edd wanted, to be sure, was not just a straight salary hike. He sought redress of other grievances as well. He was anxious to escape the "Kookie" stereotype and to get a chance to prove his versatility as an actor. He wanted to show that he wouldn't crumble if "Kookie" was ban- ished. The studio, being less sentimental about creative drives, was content to post- pone Edd's fulfillment as an actor as long as the public kept clamoring for a "Kookie" diet.

**CONVERSELY**, Edd felt he was en- titled to more than crumbs from the rampant "Kookie" craze. He maintained—privately and quietly—that in the public mind he and "Kookie" were inseparable, and that therefore he should be cut in on the revenue the studio reportedly has been amassing from merchandising such hot selling items as "Kookie" combs, "Kookie" greeting cards, "Kookie" belts.

His attitude was that there would be no "Kookie" market without him. The studio's attitude was that "Kookie" was a fictional character it owned and created. As long as Edd Byrnes' name did not appear in the merchandising the studio took the position that it was not obligated to count him in on the "Kookie" loot.

Edd's friends also reported him un- happy over the fact that he was restricted to a salary, but was getting no royalties on the song hits he recorded for Warners' disc subsidiary. They said in addition that he was plumping for residuals on "77 Sunset Strip", and they said he was holding out for a one-year contract exten- sion rather than the two years proposed by the studio. He was further pictured as believing he should get the lion's share of the take on his personal appearances.

Nor did his defenders bow to the fre- quently advanced premise that the studio made him what he is today. To the charge that his popularity is based on the gim- mick of combing his hair, they pointed



**WHEN** Edd started the hair-combing device he had no idea it would catch on as it did.

out that the gimmick was Edd's to begin with. In this, they were correct.

Edd first thought of combing his hair when he did a bit in "Girl On The Run" and wanted to make sure that he wasn't completely overlooked. The device worked so well that he sought and was granted permission to use it when he started ap- pearing in "77 Sunset Strip".

"I never dreamed it would go over the way it did," Edd admits.

In one sense, Edd's feeling was that the comb had become a Frankenstein's monster chaining him to the role of a jive- spouting parking lot attendant. In another sense, he felt that if he struck gold—even by accident—he was deserving of sharing in the resulting bonanza.

To all intents and purposes Edd's walkout—by whatever name it is soft- pedaled—was a gentleman's disagreement. Beneath the surface, however, Edd once more was practicing the dogged creed he so often has credited for his phenomenal success in Hollywood: "I don't believe in waiting for your ship to come in. I believe in rowing out to meet it."

Edd was scrupulous not to utter one word for publication personally or through intermediaries that was the least bit un- seemly. The William Morris Agency was content to play the heavy if need be. But while Edd kept repeating with a straight face how grateful he was to the studio, there were those at the studio who said, "If he's so grateful, he sure has a strange way of showing it."

It was Edd Byrnes' fond hope, at press time, that all would end in a blaze of sweetness and light. It was also the fond hope of his fans. What would happen across the land in the vent of a "Kookie" famine on television is really frightening to contemplate.

**END**



# Janet And Tony's Marriage Secrets

continued from page 29

Janet holds court, as she did this bright morning, Tony is nowhere to be seen. Each has inviolate respect for the other's domain. They have discovered that togetherness comes easier for people who know when to be apart. They temper their togetherness with generous and therapeutic doses of individual privacy.

"Naturally we love to be together," Janet said cheerfully as she inspected the fresh coat of polish on her fingernails, "but we're not Siamese twins. We have areas of individuality. We have to. Just to give you an example, I have my tennis and Tony has his golf. Golf doesn't particularly interest me, and since Tony tore a tendon, tennis doesn't particularly interest him. But even if I took up golf, I'd play with women. I think golf is an awfully good time for men to be together. I enjoy my time with my tennis friends."

They stay in each other's hearts by not getting in each other's hair. They do not practice togetherness as an obligation.

**I** DON'T respond to everything that Tony does," Janet shrugged, "and he doesn't respond to everything I do. Tony is an absolute bug about cameras, but I have no interest in them. Why should I? It's Tony's hobby. He shares it with friends who are camera enthusiasts. I'm much more interested in the home."

Even when they are in the same place at the same time for the same reason, Tony and Janet do not crowd each other. When they co-starred with friend Dean Martin in "Who Was That Lady?" at Columbia, they frequently would have breakfast together at home, then drive to the studio in separate cars. Tony and Janet enjoyed working together on the movie, but they did not make such a fetish of togetherness that they neglected to give each other elbow room.

"I never interfere with Tony on the set," Janet's tone implied how unthinkable such an infringement would be. "It's fun working together in scenes. We're easy and relaxed together, and he's a good actor. But between scenes, Tony has his group of guys, and he goofs around with them, and I have my things to do and people to talk to."

This is not to suggest that their moments of togetherness on the set were either infrequent or dull. Their interludes of communion were marked by the playful exuberance they inspire in one another—a mutual reverence for nonsense which undoubtedly has had its share in keeping their marriage from going old hat.

"We had such fun on that picture," Janet laughed warmly.

"Once," Janet continued, "Tony squirted me with his water pistol and locked himself in his dressing room to avoid reprisal. He had just put on a new suit for the next scene, and I climbed to the top of his dressing room and poured a

bucket of water on him. He was a very good sport. I think he laughed more than I did, if that was possible."

There was another uproarious time when Janet enlisted the aid of director George Sidney to play a gag on her spouse and Dino. Sidney agreed to stage a phony retake of a scene in which Tony and Dean find themselves chin deep in water in the basement of the Empire State Building. Meanwhile, Janet had finished for the day, and told Tony, "Goodbye, honey. I'm going home now. I'll see you later."

She did not leave the sound stage. Instead she sneaked back to her dressing room and quickly put on her bathing suit.

"The boys were almost drowning," she explained mirthfully. "Then I came swimming past them in my bathing suit while they were floundering in the water fully clothed. As I swam by, I nonchalantly said, 'Excuse me.' They simply could not believe their eyes. They almost had a heart attack!"

Theirs is by no means a one dimensional togetherness. It runs the full gamut from the riotous to the sublime.

"There are so many things that we both love," Janet wiggled her newly-pedicured toes before dipping them into a plastic basin of water. "We love to read the same books and then discuss them. We love to visit art galleries, browse through book shops, listen to music. We can't wait till we get to New York to catch up on all the plays we haven't seen and to visit the antique shops. I could go on and on. There are so many things to do, so many friends to be with. There just isn't enough time for everything. If we could find a dull moment, we'd use it for a rest cure."

While their enthusiasm never seems to run its course, particular hobbies do wax and wane. This, Janet feels, is only as it should be.

"We're always finding new interests," she exulted. "But that doesn't mean we discard our old ones. We just build up a backlog of interests, and from time to time, when we feel like it, we go back to the old ones."

**P**ERHAPS one reason Tony and Janet have managed so well to keep their romance alive is that mostly they go in for togetherness after dark—whether they're off on a quiet date by themselves or out with friends.

"New things are always being presented," Janet explained. "We usually get together with other couples at night. Right now we're on gang gin rummy games. Sixteen to twenty people play, and there are eight or ten on a side. These are the maddest, wildest, craziest, most wonderful games. I'm sure we'll tire of it, but when we do there will be something else. For a while it was liar's poker."



**TONY** and Janet love being together. They don't make a fetish out of togetherness.

It is a generally accepted tenet that an average man and wife have to work preventing their marriage from wilting. But Janet is convinced that she and Tony have been able to keep their partners from drooping because they *don't* have to work at it.

"It comes so easy," she was almost apologetic for their good fortune, a measure of which she freely attributed to Tony's personality. "He's such an active, creative and imaginative person. He always got something new to do. I never know what to expect next. I can come home, and he's playing the flute, and we all have to sit down and listen. I can come home and he's baking a cake! Or he's on the diving board off the swimming pool because he wants to see if it looks better that way."

Janet seems unable to get bored with marriage in which the man of the house is in many ways still a boy at heart.

"I can just not see him for an hour," she said with loving approval, "and then of a sudden he's out in the lath shed and we have a greenhouse! My father, who's as nutty as he is, has gone downtown and bought the plants. Or Tony will be trying new experiments with the camera, using everybody within sight as a guinea pig."

Tony and Janet go about marriage with the joy and wonder of two children playing in a house—whether Tony walks into his dressing room to be bowled over by finding a portable stereo record player for Janet, or whether Janet pulls the sheet from her bed to find that Tony has placed her pillow the collected poems of Ed St. Vincent Millay, tenderly inscribed: "I love you."

If their marriage has remained blissful proof, it is due in no small part to the efforts they are willing to expend to please one another. The last thing Janet expected the day Mrs. Kirk Douglas lured her to her home in Palm Springs recently was that she would walk off with a full-length diadem mink coat.

"I was playing tennis that day, and

continued on page 30



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## "Mr. Z. Has Class"

continued from page 22

He couldn't get anyone to come and haul the rubbish away.

"This is ridiculous," Jimmy exploded to a studio chum one day. "What are we—men or mice? Did Daniel Boone wait for a handy man to help him clear the forest? Come Saturday, you and I will clean up all that rubbish in the garden, hire a trailer and hitch the trailer to my ancient Packard. Then on Sunday, at the crack of dawn, we'll haul the stuff to the city dump. Wear your oldest, dirtiest clothes so nobody can recognize us; and when we finish, we'll celebrate with a flagon or two of cooling brew."

The trailer was rented, the rubbish loaded and hauled to the dump very early Sunday morning, and Efrem and his chum shoveled the trash onto the dump. Then, tired, dirty, but happy, they were just about to depart, when another citizen—an early riser, too—pulled up a little distance away with a heaped trailer of his own.

The citizen took one look at Efrem—work shoes, soiled khaki pants and all—and seemed to leap three feet in the air.

"Wait, wait, Mr. Zimbalist," he yelled. "Don't go away. I've got a piece of paper here and you've just got to give me your autograph before you take off."

As Efrem remarked later, resigned to his fate, "Maybe I'd just better quit trying to escape."

This is the man who was once described by family friends as "a fellow who will never amount to anything." It was a pity, these prophets went on, "that Efrem's father and mother are both so successful. Their son isn't like them at all." The elder Zimbals—Efrem, Senior, the violinist, and Alma Gluck, the world-renowned soprano—were internationally famous in the world of music. Then 16, Efrem and his older sister, Maria, had just returned from a holiday in Russia—"two extravagant youngsters," in Efrem's words, "who had indulged their every whim and made something of a shambles of the country."

"You never saw two wilder teenagers," said Efrem. "We acted like idiots. Maria and I bought a piano and several fur coats, ate and drank nothing but caviar and champagne. Later, of course, we were ashamed of ourselves, but at that time we didn't care."

IT WAS all part of the pain of growing up—something that each of us must go through. "I always knew what I *didn't* want, but I could never discover what I did want," Efrem once confessed. "My mother hoped I'd be a civil engineer, but Yale couldn't see it that way. They suggested, quite strongly, that I leave—or be kicked out."

I guess a lot of Efrem's early struggle has already been described, but I still get a laugh out of his experiences as a *Time Magazine* mailroom boy. "It wasn't



**WEEKENDS,** Efrem does the things that he enjoys most, gardening and tending his pets.

a bad job," Efrem remembered, "but I had to give it up—I couldn't afford it. It was always three minutes to five when they sent me on an errand, and I'd take a cab and spend all my salary."

Money, with Efrem—at least in those days—was just something to be spent. There was the time when he and his close friend, Chandler Cowles, were producing Gian Carlo-Menotti's "The Counsel", on Broadway. An actor Efrem wanted to hire liked the part, but felt he was worth \$25 a week more than Efrem could afford. In the middle of the dickering, Jimmy got a phone call from his own agent, telling him there was a picture waiting for him in Hollywood. The salary wasn't big, but Efrem was interested. "Tell 'em to boost the price \$100 a week, and I'm their boy."

The agent agreed to the increase, and Efrem went back to the actor he was trying to hire. "All right," said Jimmy, "you've got yourself a deal. I can now afford to give you \$25 more."

One of the things I didn't know about Efrem until recently was that his mother was Romanian—a piece of family history that led to a typical Zimbalist story. "That left me open to all the cracks people make about Hungarians and Romanians," laughed Efrem. "Hungarians are wily enough," the legend goes, "but never, never marry a Romanian. He's the type of fellow who goes out in the morning with a rope—and comes back in the evening with a horse's head in it!"

This is one of the things about Efrem that his friends admire so much—the ability to laugh at himself. To his children, the fact that their father is an actor, a man who gets fan mail by the bushel, a polished artist who is rated



one of today's most civilized stars—all this is nothing. What counts with teenage Nancy and Efrem III (baby Stephanie is too young to care) is that their parent happens to know somebody named Cookie. For this they are willing to forgive him anything. "The first time I brought Edd to the house," Efrem huckled, "my stock with the neighborhood kids went up 1,000 percent."

Most of the stories I've read about Efrem make him out as "the cosmopolite with sex"—a tag that leaves him wondering. He is, of course, a very polished fellow; after all, what other private eye on TV has to his credit the composition of Laudate Dominum, an eight-part choral setting of the 150th psalm? Mr. Z, of course, has class, and as one devoted admirer of his—female, naturally—put it: "At least, when *he* hangs a cigarette from his lips, the smoke doesn't go up his nose—as it does some people's."

On the surface, Efrem is very much like this fellow Stuart Bailey whom he portrays: a man who has been around the world; a linguist, with good taste and a sense of humor who has an unhurried, pleasant approach to his work and his life.

Edd Byrnes and I often get together in a corner of the set and weep into our make-up when we watch Efrem's confident handling of the opposite sex. This character—Mr. Z, I mean—can stroll up to any woman, kiss her hand, her cheek; compliment her, flatter her, make her feel like a woman, leave her glowing and starry-eyed. I don't know how he does it; I just know he leaves me awed. As Edd once said, "Who else could come on the set and kiss his director every morning, and think nothing of it?" True, Jimmy's director that week happened to be Miss Ida Lupino, quite a package of femininity herself, as bright and clever behind a camera as she is beautiful in front of it. But it just shows what this fellow can accomplish. It makes me cringe at my own awkwardness."

**B**UT there are, naturally, other things about Efrem besides his much-touted charm. I was introduced, not long ago, to a magazine writer who had a most curious look on his face. "This Zimbalist, now," said the writer, "I just can't figure him at all. Six months ago I had lunch with him, got my interview and never saw him again. Today, while I'm walking into the Green Room, he spies me, comes over, gives me a warm hello, recalls some of the things we talked about, even remembers my name. Actors have no memory; most of them forget you within 15 minutes. So what's Efrem's angle—can you tell me that?"

I looked at the writer and couldn't repress a smile.

"Why does he have to have an angle?" I said. "Maybe he really remembered you and just wanted to say hello."

It's Efrem, too, who helps make our

*continued on page 64*

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## "MR. Z. HAS CLASS"

continued

work on "77 Sunset Strip" a pleasure rather than a chore. Not that any of our jobs are easy; there are days when we don't leave the set until 7 or 8; when we're filming two episodes at the same time, back to back; when Efrem and I, at least, don't see our families nearly as much as we'd like to; when our wives complain, "If you're late for dinner again, I don't know what's going to happen." All of us—Efrem, Edd Byrnes and I—would relish a little more time to relax.

Yet on the set, Efrem is calm, cool, seemingly unaware of and untouched by pressure. He usually arrives in faded dungarees, cowboy boots and an expensive cashmere sports jacket, pipe in mouth, and behind the wheel of his treasured English Alvis sports car. Then he changes to a conservative suit, white shirt and foulard tie. "I represent," he jokes, "what the well-dressed private eye should wear."

We have coffee, the three of us, pull up our chairs in a semi-circle, and start reading the script. Within minutes, Efrem knows his lines; Edd and I are still struggling over ours. In camera rehearsals, Efrem may go into some weird dialect as a gag—Swedish or maybe Bulgarian—and I have to plead with him, "Please, don't break me up." There are days when Efrem calls Kookie "Dad"; when Edd responds by hailing me as "Dad", and I, of course, retaliate by addressing Mr. Z in the same paternal fashion. It's a game of musical chairs that means only one thing: a kind of ritual ribbing shared by three warm and approving friends.

STILL, like all of us, Efrem is by no means perfect. He can be absent-minded and stubborn; and every now and then he blows up with the sound and fury of a rocket. He is almost always late—for dinner parties when he and Stephanie go out, and on the set. Ask him to arrive a half-hour early, and he says, "Of course, my good fellow" and then still is tardy. He is impatient with back-seat drivers—as who isn't?—and Stephanie learned long ago not to indulge in this particular sport. Not, at least, if her husband is doing the driving.

"If you want to practice reading," he once told her (he was zooming along at 70 and Stephanie was mentioning something about highway signs and speed limits), "I'll get you a nice subscription to the Book of the Month Club." Stephanie took the hint and now tries to think of other things when Efrem is behind the wheel of the car.

Yet you need only to look at Mr. and Mrs. Zimbalist, as I have, to know that these two are very much in love. They are a beautifully compatible couple, both with the same backgrounds (Stephanie's father was in the diplomatic corps), and Stephanie's love for animals of all kinds finds a duplicate in Efrem.

It's hard to say what wild life is currently roaming the Zimbalist acres, but a family of lions, clawing at their door would probably be told, "Welcome, come right in." Hardly anyone was surprised when young Miss Nancy Zimbalist announced that she intended to become a vet; it would have been strange if she had any other ambition. "You can't possibly allow either Efrem or Stephanie within a hundred miles of a pet shop," an actress friend laughed. "I was at their house once when Stephanie walked in with three parakeets and a monkey, and Efrem didn't even turn a hair."

There are chickens and a white bantam rooster who sometimes take over the Zimbalist bedroom; a white, pet Japanese rat which climbs up on Efrem's arm and nuzzles his face (Efrem once nursed the tiny animal through a fever with an eyedropper filled with a very dry Chablis). Great Danes and Weimaraners and "on plain dog"; sheep, ponies, goats and a especially sensitive poodle who runs off for a day or two when he feels that the other creatures are getting more attention.

Through it all, Efrem stays calm, works in the garden, and watches the children grow up.

The Zimbalists' French Normandy house has six bedrooms and seven fireplaces—and, of course, the revered, do-it-yourself sprinkler system. Efrem and Stephanie's bedroom is enormous, with one wall completely glassed from floor to ceiling. He likes to have the fireplace in the bedroom ablaze all through the night, because, as he says, "it gives such a lovely glow."

In the living room there is a huge tapestry of St. George and the Dragon and in the den, along with all the trophies Stephanie has won as a horsewoman, a sculptured head of Efrem's father. It is a warm, friendly, put-up-your-feet house and here, you can be sure, Efrem has found peace. Every morning, early—winter or summer—Efrem goes swimming in the pool. Weekends, when he's not busy over a garden wheelbarrow, he plays tennis—really good tennis. He is strict but sympathetic with the children: a good solid citizen and father, a loving husband and a man whose friends number virtually everyone in Hollywood. "Do you want to know the names of Efrem's friends?" an intimate of his once remarked. "Look over the last Oscar nominee list—they're all there."

"Some people see me as a square," Efrem laughed. "It's true, I admit it. It may also be true that Efrem will stick strictly with acting, "because there's nothing else I can do." But the people who once said he'd never amount to anything—they're the ones who ought to turn in their crystal ball. Once, I remember, I heard a man described as "having a genius for friendship." I thought of that today. Because I don't know anyone who deserves that description more than Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.—even if he has a not-so-secret life.

EN



# Design For Loving

continued from page 37

"Oh yes, I do," he said firmly. "Especially when people don't do a job right, don't take their work seriously."

"You may have a point there," Dinah commented. "I can remember how impatient you were building this house! George, you see," she said to me, "is very meticulous about detail."

"And so are you," he added. "The way a work to be sure that every little thing right about your show!"

This discussion went on for a while and the upshot of it was that both Dinah and George may use tempers at times in their careers but in their own home, things never reach the boiling point.

It's quite amazing in a way that Dinah and George have managed to keep a happy marriage. But when you ask how they've kept their careers from affecting their home life, he looks at you as though you've asked the most ridiculous question possible.

"What's so odd about that?" he asked. "We just keep busy. You know, no idle minds to mess up things. I've made about five pictures a year for the last several years, then I had the TV show, 'Cimarron City', last season, I have my architecture and my building so I'm seldom idle. Dinah is the same way.

"I guess it's because we respect the other's work so much that our careers have not interfered with our home. I don't mean we don't discuss problems here—it's impossible not to. I make suggestions to Dinah about her TV shows, she at times reads some of my scripts and offers comments. I even go to most of her rehearsals. But, usually, before I can make any criticism she's already starting in on what he didn't like about her work. She's very critical of herself—she's a perfectionist, you know.

"Neither Dinah nor I was very happy about 'Cimarron City'. It didn't turn out to be the type of show that was presented to me in the beginning, although it did win some nice awards. I was anything but a happy person during its production but I didn't let that unhappiness come into the house."

THE Montgomery home is in all respects a luxurious one—but also comfortable. Both Dinah and George are extravagant in some ways, a fact George explains simply: "We get to liking something we see and the next moment we have it. However, I sometimes feel that there is a conspiracy of females around our house. I can't wait until John D., who is five, gets a bit older so the odds will be more even.

"Dinah has a passion for clothes and cameras. Why she has some lenses she's never even unwrapped.

"For a time in Europe last summer I shopped with Dinah but I finally gave up and stayed at the hotel. On several occasions she would come breezing into the

room and exclaim enthusiastically. 'Oh, I saved so much money today!' I'd look at her arms loaded with packages and could only think to myself, 'I never saved so much money by staying in a hotel room.'"

Dinah, George, and Missy went to Europe with a friend, Mrs. Bea Korshak, and her children. This was a big moment for Missy who kept telling everyone she was taking her parents on a tour of Europe. She had a great time although she had one disappointment. She noticed that the European children had wine with their meals so she wanted some. George, however, wouldn't even agree to having a bottle on the table.

"Goodness gracious," Missy exclaimed, "all I want to do is have the bottle just sit there!"

George and Dinah really were mobbed when they were in Italy. His pictures and her TV appearances were well-known by the Italians. The other highlight of the trip was the day Dinah and Missy went swimming at a private beach in Princess Grace's Monaco.

The conversation came to a sudden halt when John D. awoke from his nap and came charging into the room with a happy "Hi, Dad!" (Dinah had gone back to her room). He and George exchanged a few pummelings and then John D. went outside to turn on the waterfall which flows gracefully into the pool. George designed the pool and the waterfall too. And built both.

From what could be seen, George is a father devoted to his children. He plays with his kids and shows an interest in all they do, but if they try to pull anything funny on him he can be stern.

"I think I'm a dang good father," he said frankly. "I know I'm different in one way—I like to buy Missy and John D. clothes instead of toys. After all, our friends load them with toys anyway. I had a kick for a while when I was buying Missy things that were better for a boy—you know, sweat shirts and the like. Dinah passed a hint that I should get her more feminine things—so I've switched.

"I know that our kids get quite a lot, but they don't expect anything. Dinah and I have always preached to them the importance of the simple things in life and so they are not impressed with the fact that Dinah and I are in the public eye. They couldn't care less what we do."

John D. at least is certainly not unaware of his parents' work for he came back into the room, picked up a gold medal George had won from a magazine as the outstanding actor in a TV series, and held it in front of his mouth as though it were a mike. In loud, clear tones John D. said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm talking to you from a house and—" His comments rambled on from there. And then he was off somewhere again.

continued on page 66

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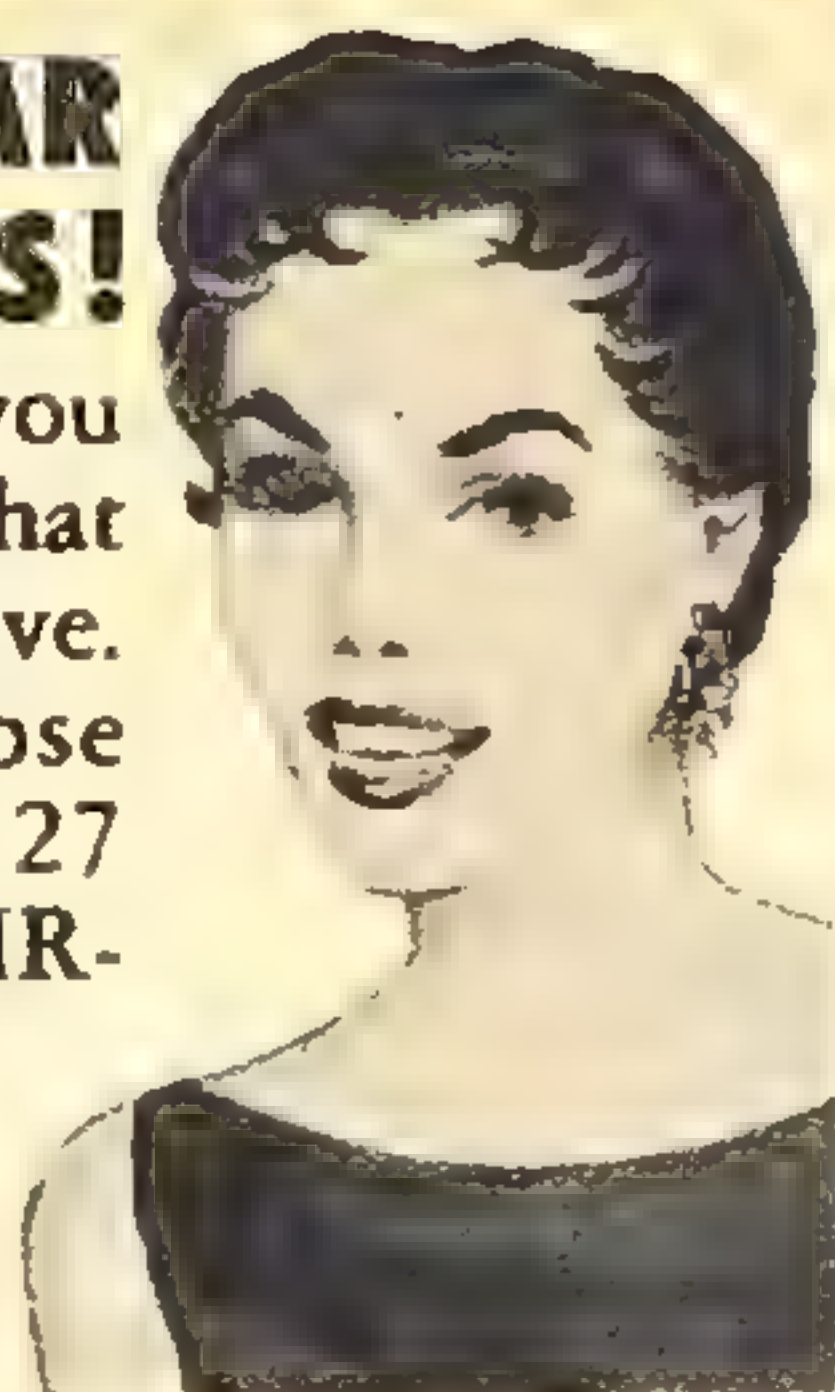


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## DESIGN FOR LOVING

continued

The Montgomerys have a happy marriage, yes, untouched by scandal, but when you ask George why he thinks the marriage has been successful, he shrugs his shoulders and says, "We're compatible—I guess that's why. Frankly I've never

## Stupefyin' Newmar

continued from page 47

"But why should you?" said a man with paper, pencil and the appropriately stupefied look.

"So people will have something to write down. There's only one thing I care about: write anything as long as it's not the truth. The truth bores me stiff."

"Here's some truth anyway. It says here that you're exciting. Attractive, physically attractive."

"It says where?"

"Here. There. Anywhere you care to mention. Are you?"

"Maybe so, if you mean acting. Just so you understand that kind of attraction comes from the inside out—all from the inside out. Nothing else makes any difference. Except maybe in movies. On a screen they want the obvious."

"You mean attraction is conveyed from the eyes, things like that."

"Yes. You look what you're thinking. Then you act what you're thinking. Movement, eyes, mouth, things like that, I don't care. But first you have to think it. Then if you are lucky, you convey the sense of excitement."

Julie went back before the camera. The man wanted a lighting arrangement to convey the alluring pattern. Miss Newmar cooperated with cynical disbelief.

"You see?" she said when she came back. "People may think that business has something to do with attraction. Phooey, I say."

"Some people are like you. They react to atmospheric conditions."

"They're missing the whole point," said Stupefyin' Newmar.

Stupefyin' does in fact look quite a lot like a junior member of the stupefyin' cult named Joi Lansing except that Miss Lansing's face is uncompromisingly round, whereas Miss Newmar's has the high Nordic cheekbones. She comes by these by valid enough eugenics of her own: her parents, Donald and Helene Newmeyer of Los Angeles are Swedish: Mr. Newmeyer, an instructor of engineering and physical education at Los Angeles State College; Mrs. Newmeyer, a one-time Ziegfeld girl. Julie just changed the -meyer to -mar for phonetic simplicity. She was born on August 16 of an officially undisclosed year and has two brothers, John and Peter.

As it happens, Julie became in turn a Ziegfeld girl herself, working for a while with a company of the "Follies" that

stopped to think about this. Dinah and have just enjoyed being together."

The phone rang and another conference was under way. As I walked aside, one of those tourist buses had stopped—right in the Montgomery driveway—the occupants were busy snapping pictures of the house. This is what is known as privacy in Hollywood.

never did get to New York. But Julie did. Doing her bit for the classic that New York girls en route to Hollywood must pass Hollywood girls en route to New York, she went to the biggie right after her graduation from Los Angeles' John Marshall High School. She had had much training in the dance and a little Hollywood experience, including notably one of the bride roles in "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers". She picked up the brief "Follies" experience, then did a reverse switch by returning to Hollywood to get the Broadway part "Li'l Abner", which was being cast in Hollywood. Reasonable, no doubt. And that, her work in the New York company got her the same Hollywood part. She is now back in New York with a stature reenforced by Hollywood, to which she will next return with her stature reenforced further by New York.

Although Miss Newmar urges untruth about herself, the above is substantially true. So is her deadly earnestness about her acting career, her impatient dismissal of being sculptured as a gorgeous and stimulating creature, no less, no more and her related conviction that if a man has nothing but a figure, she won't be around long in the acting profession.

Julie is unmarried. As of this moment she's not even in love, a distressing circumstance, in the light of Miss Newmar's temperament, that may not be true when you read this. Love to Miss Newmar, as to so many millions of others is a singularly precious ingredient of living. She had a Hollywood apartment and was dating here and there with chaps like Scott Brady and Gardner McKay but she wasn't in love—"and you're not in love, it just doesn't matter. It can even be a big bore, not that I've been bored yet."

"So you expect love to happen again?"

"Why not? It always has. Don't ask me with what sort of man. I don't have a cut-out pattern in mind except that it has to be the dominant one, not me. If your man doesn't run things, what is he? A nothing."

"And this man of yours, will he have a sense of humor?"

"Certainly. What a strange question."

"No it isn't. Girls out here always say that. Why don't you be different from them and say you're pining for a man with a sense of humor at all?"



# The Three Charlton Hestons

continued from page 43

because I know it's true. Lydia has in me that sense of security.

And she has also given me my son." In the role of Fraser's father, the third Charlton Heston emerges.

The greatest thing to me about having on is that you have fulfilled man's primal desire—for immortality," he says with feeling. "You live over again through your son. There is also quite a challenge in trying to be the kind of man your son thinks you are. It's easier to let someone else in the world down than it is to disappoint your boy.

Fraser, to me, represents the only element in my life outside my work and my wife, who is really part of my work, that has any significance. Being a father has made me, I hope, a well-rounded man.

It's quite a temptation for me to want to give Fraser all kinds of things, to spoil him. I try to avoid this, but I must admit somehow or other he has managed to acquire, among other things, the largest collection of imitation firearms west of Pecos. He happened to visit me when I was making a Western and he became, I'm afraid, a permanent cowboy.

Fraser loves to come on the sets. Of course, you know he is a retired actor. He was the baby Moses in 'The Ten Commandments', and I invested his salary in Paramount stock. From that investment he may yet earn enough to pay for his college education."

When it comes to discipline, Chuck is probably a little more stern than Lydia is. He's a pushover for the little boy's charm. But Chuck doesn't believe in harsh discipline and he avoids punishment, mainly because it's too hard on him.

"I don't go for corporal punishment," Chuck grinned, "because I figure that if

it's hard for me to spank him, it must be harder for him to take it. So I prefer to deprive him of things if he's really pulled a bad one."

Fraser is quite an extraordinary boy. He has very definite opinions and he comes up with some amazing remarks.

He and Lydia were returning from New York recently by jet—Chuck had to remain for some business—and dinner was just being served. The trays were neatly attached to the seats and right at that moment little Fraser announced he had to go to the bathroom.

"Oh, can't you wait?" Lydia asked. "They'll have to take all the trays down."

With complete candor, Fraser answered, "Mummy, Dr. Spock says you're not supposed to wait." (Dr. Spock is, of course, a noted authority on the bringing up of children.)

There was also the time in Europe when Lydia and Chuck took Fraser to a magnificent old cathedral. They arrived for the Evensong service and before going in, Lydia had impressed upon Fraser that he must be quiet because, "We're going into God's house."

The choir was singing in an awe-inspiring way as they sat down. Fraser listened intently and never uttered a word. As they left the church, he said in a whisper, "We've got to ask God to come to our house some day."

Lydia and Chuck could only smile back at him. The words had somehow become choked up inside them.

Spiritual values are among the ideals that Chuck is trying to instill in Fraser. But the most important lesson he wants to teach him is one Chuck learned for himself—the hard way.

"I want him to learn to accept responsibility for whatever happens to him," Chuck said. "It seems to me one of the prime signs of our time—and perhaps the primary law in our society—is the ready resources most people have for finding a scapegoat for every bad break in their lives. If something goes wrong, for you, it really doesn't matter whose fault it is and it's the weakest kind of immaturity to waste time trying to put blame, instead of working your way out of it. I hope Fraser can learn this earlier than I did. I first had it brought home to me in a very trivial way just after I got out of the Army when the war was over. I was doing some directing and constantly heard actors trying to explain why they did something wrong—instead of accepting the error and going ahead."

To bring such ideals to his son, Chuck spends a lot of time with him. Either they go riding—and Fraser is quite the expert rider—or they play tennis. Sometimes the youngster even paints alongside his father. And naturally they have long talks.

Most of the time Chuck has an answer

continued on page 68

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BEING a father has made me, I hope, a well-rounded man," says Charlton Heston.



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## THE THREE CHARLTON HESTONS

continued

for the many questions Fraser throws at him, but he admits some bring him to a complete stop.

"I can't get used to a child's thirst for detail," he remarked. "Fraser and I were driving along one day and we came to an overpass. He asked me what it was. I told him—an overpass. 'What's it for, Daddy?' he asked. So I said it was to prevent other cars from having to cross the main road. So he at once came back with, 'But why don't they want to cross the road?' I can't even remember how I got out of

this one but I do remember the question went on forever.

"If I don't have an answer to a question, I quickly tell him I don't know. I think it's good for a child to learn that his father doesn't know everything."

Chuck paused, looked off into space and then said quietly, "It's wonderful to watch a child grow. Sure it's a temptation to want to hold on to each day, you don't want him to grow too fast, but then you can only remember that each day he lives will offer something new and exciting and challenging, something memorable. My father is an amazingly lucky person, I think."

EN

## Janet And Tony's Marriage Secrets

continued from page 60

Ann Douglas insisted that I stop over at her place first," Janet recalled. "It wasn't my birthday or our anniversary, or anything like that, so I had no idea I was walking into one of Tony's traps. Ann told me there was something she wanted me to see in her living room. That something was Tony. He came out with this gorgeous mink. I was never so surprised or thrilled!"

Tony's elaborate security precautions were typical.

"He'd designed it himself, gotten the measurements from the studio, and given them to the furrier," Janet sighed. "I just love the way he buys presents. It's never on a special occasion. His joy is when I don't expect it. And he doesn't like gifts to be wrapped. He sort of likes to slip it to you. I'm going to bring my mink along when we go to New York. It looks like it'll be cold. I've been praying for cold weather so I can wear it."

The imminent New York trip offered still another example of their relaxed togetherness. Tony was to go in connection with the start of his new Paramount picture, "The Rat Race". It was a matter of course—and of elation—that Janet would accompany him.

Thereby lay another clue to their happiness. Tony and Janet not only seem always to have something with which to occupy themselves at the moment, but something to which they are looking forward. Janet's sights already are fixed as far ahead as next summer when she, Tony and the kids plan to be in Italy for the Olympic games.

"It's going to be wonderful," she could scarcely contain herself. "We're going with a group of people, and Tony and I are going to study Italian."

For all their rollicking compatibility, Janet does not pretend that she and Tony occupy a headache-free oasis where none of the usual stresses and strains of marriage are felt. Self-deception is one talent that has managed to elude them. Nor did Janet claim any push button technique

for patching up quarrels like never going to bed without a goodnight kiss.

"We have problems the same as anybody else," Janet was completely forthright. "When a problem comes along, it's as new and serious as if we've never had one before. We're both emotional people and we react strongly and violently. At the end, there's that much more unity but our arguments are not always settled in one session or one night of talk. Sometimes it may take a few months to straighten things out."

Janet would not even suggest that either their customary rapport or experience in settling previous clashes softens the impact when a problem strikes.

"You keep building a stronger foundation," she conceded. "Maybe as time goes on the problems don't come as often. But I don't think you are ever prepared for problems. Anytime there's a problem or an argument, it's like the first argument. Even though you know you've solved other problems before, and even though you know deep down this one's going to be solved, you're not thinking of that when you're arguing."

Still Janet wasn't dismayed or intimidated by this harsh fact of married life.

"We have high peaks of enthusiasm and low dips of depression," she tossed it off philosophically. "We have arguments and we have moments of ideal contentment. We run the gamut. Underneath, thank God, there is a fundamental togetherness that prevails. I find that in times of real trouble, when we have real problems there are never any arguments. Arguments usually come when there are no problems at all. That's the time when you get into mischief."

With all their special talents for getting the most out of marriage, Janet Leigh scoffed at the idea that she and Tony had any magic formula for the freshness and excitement of their relationship.

"There are no gimmicks," it seemed so simple to her. "All you need is love. The rest comes easy."

EN



# She Wants 10 Kids

continued from page 17

and a big bow at the back . . . and one buttons all down the rear. I turn my back to people when I am alone!

I don't care much for furs and don't wear any. I have a couple of mink sweaters my father has given me but I like sweaters with fur collars. I like to make people stop and look . . . I am so smart and different."

She is a true little trouser. She likes to see people "stop and look," which she should be.

She would like to wear lots of clanky jewelry but I can't. My features are small and the jewelry overwhelms me. I can't even wear earrings, except the small buttons.

I have a cultured pearl bracelet that my mother gave me which I wear all the time. It goes so well with the navy blue things I like to wear for day. It is as simple and as tailored as the white clothes. I also have a bracelet my father gave me, with a diamond pendant and six sapphires. It says, 'I am my lucky star' and I am very fond of it. But it isn't a thing I can wear all the time. I keep it for those very special occasions.

I used to be terribly fond of lavender and once my friends gave me a day party with *everything* in those shades.

A lavender cake and purple presents . . . negligees, undergarments, scarves, handkerchiefs, bedroom slippers . . . It was all beautiful and I retained it until a few days later when I discovered that Kim Novak had made her color . . . a sort of trade-off. She even had lavender hair! At least for a while.

Well, of course, no matter how much I loved those shades I couldn't emphasize them in my own life after that. For the reason they belonged to Kim, unless I wanted to be a copycat. Which I did not. So I went back to my rusts and greens and 'living' greens. Perhaps some day I will tire of the purple shades but I still love them."

She came back, thoughtfully, to the subject of marriage and what it means.

In spite of the fact that I have a broken home behind me," she mused, "marriage still seems a very solemn and important thing to me. Perhaps it is because of that broken home that it seems so especially precious, especially a thing not to be considered too hastily.

I was brought up in a careful Italian household, no matter what happened later. Everything was very strict . . . and it was after I was alone with my mother. There have never been any commotions. Marriage is marriage and that is that.

In Hollywood, they tell me that marriage interferes with your career, that

when you are married you seem older. I wonder if that is true? You aren't any older, of course! Why should marriage slow down your career, as people tell me it will?

"I started to work when I was 11 and I never thought of work as a handicap. I never thought of my private life as a handicap, either."

This is a thoughtful girl.

"I think it is too bad," she went on, "that people in America are so obsessed with a passion for youth. Everyone wants to look younger, seem younger, than he is . . . and this goes for men as well as women. Why can't they realize that maturity has its own rewards?"

"From what I have seen of my father and the people around him, I know that they become more interesting and more valuable to show business, more valuable to *themselves* as they mature. Certainly they are more valuable and important to the people they love.

"In the pattern of living I have set for myself, this is the way I want it to be. It isn't a matter of maturing 'gracefully,' as that silly saying has it. It is a matter of letting the years enrich you, of learning as you go along. You should become a well-rounded person and have more and more to offer."

All this from such a youthful, dimpled, little object!

She went on, "I don't see why marriage and two careers shouldn't go successfully together, if you use your heads.

"I want a husband who is thoughtful and considerate, who loves life and people, who is ambitious and has a goal to strive for. He *must* be the head of the house. That is the way Italians think of it and it is necessary. I also want him to laugh easily and mean it.

"I hope he will help me to overcome some of my own faults. For instance, I am lazy. I hate to start things and often hesitate to finish them. Of course, if I say I will do a thing, then I will. But if he is more dynamic than I am, then perhaps some of it will eventually rub off on me and I will improve."

"Does Gary fit into this pattern?" we wondered. She didn't hesitate.

"Yes, he does. I would stack him against any of the men who have taken me out in Hollywood . . . and I have gone out with a number of them."

The dimples suddenly flashed again. "Don't laugh," she admonished, although she had a little giggle of her own. "Every one laughs when I say this but I mean it quite seriously.

"I want ten *children*. Five of my own and five adopted ones. I think that is the ideal family."

"Have you taken this up with Gary?" We sort of gasped.

"We-ell, I'm sure he'd be nice about it," was all she had to say to that. **END**

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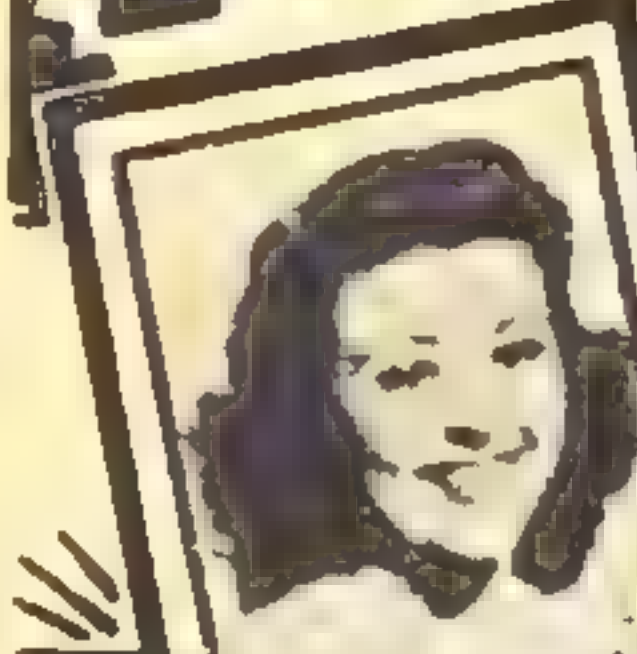
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# Why Marriage Must Wait

continued from page 51

In his spare time, and precious little he has, Gardner shuts off his phone, tries to gather his thoughts and keep them in proper order. On occasion, he'll hire a model and lose himself completely shooting pictures—one of his several natural talents along with being a superb athlete. Whenever time permits, he practices basketball with the "Red Foxes", the studio team he captains.

"Gardner's life, in a sense, is controlled by curiosity," says his brother Hugh. "Even as a kid, he was always attracted to and seeking out the dramatic incidents and I guess it was inevitable that he'd happen to be on the *Ile de France* and take all those fabulous pictures when it went to the rescue of the sinking *Andrea Doria*. Gardner's thirst to express himself and share in everything around him, has never ceased to fascinate him and at times, plague him. There is no doubt that riding in one direction, which marriage would encourage, would be an improvement in some respects. But until he overcomes his restlessness and stops being in transit, it's obvious that being a bachelor is the only way of life for him."

Mostly to please his studio, Gardner has attended a few business parties and premieres. When he seeks feminine companionship, he takes on mostly models and non-professionals. Needless to say, his name automatically hits the gossip columns, which caused one sharp-tongued newshen to comment: "If Gardner McKay is such a rugged individualist, how come he's going for the Hollywood party routine?" Gardner knows he's bound to be a target, now that he's very much in the spotlight and he answered his accuser with ingratiating humor: "I can't think of a more appropriate way to entertain a lady—and at the same time get wonderful food!"

With a wife he might be spared from such minor mishaps. On the other hand, his wife would strike out if she encouraged social ambitions and hoped to compete with other young matrons in the movie colony. To qualify as his wife, the girl Gardner marries will have to be blessed with not only individuality but unlimited understanding as well.

"There is no mental picture I can paint of a so-called ideal wife," he affirms. "All I can say is—there are certain qualities I admire in women and other traits I hope to avoid. Although I have no idea where or when I will meet the right girl for me, I have a feeling she won't be an actress. This doesn't mean I am prejudiced, for actresses of character like Hope Lange and Diane Baker are admirable persons. I think Connie Wald, the wife of producer Jerry Wald, is one of the loveliest women I have ever met. They have invited me to their home and the evenings have been most charming."

"I know I would dread being married to a woman with expensive tastes, because



**RIGHT** now he must put his career before anything else, says Gard, here with Mars

I like simplicity and am not wildly extravagant. I would like a wife to be advisor, but there is never going to be a nag in my house. I would like a wife who sees to details, who likes to read, likes to good music, being outdoors and who likes to cook with the same enthusiasm a man has who likes to work. I'd like a wife who has confidence in herself and her place as a wife. One who just takes over, but never tries to assert. I'd like a wife to know and understand I have good and bad days that have nothing to do with any fault of hers. I'd like a wife who would never flirt, but would still take pleasure out of looking pretty and being feminine. The words in that song sum up perfectly. I'd like a wife who enjoys being a girl!"

Seriously, and no one can look more serious than Gardner when he makes a pertinent point:

"I have seen too much of people living under headache conditions. If relationships must run out, if they are doomed from the start—sometimes it's better that it happens under trial conditions and then no one gets hurt. I think the President of Indonesia said something wise when we met and I have never forgotten my conversation with him. Someone asked him what he wanted most in life and he answered, in effect—'I just want unity—for all people to be able to speak to each other under all conditions.'"

"Doesn't this make wonderful sense? It follows that people who are able to speak to each other—can learn to understand each other. When there is understanding and this certainly applies to people in every walk of life—including husband and wife—there's a pretty good chance of attaining lasting happiness, don't you think?"



# Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

at this later on. . . . And I'm sure that  
 orah Kerr will get the custody of  
 two daughters, sooner than later. They  
 their mother very much.

appiest man in the world, Rod Steiger,  
 used to be so broody and moody, is  
 on cloud nine because of his pros-  
 ive parenthood with lovely Claire  
 om. . . . Debbie Reynolds has good  
 ection from too many demands for  
 and that. All requests must go through  
 long-time friend—they were at school  
 ther—Camille Williams.

Marlene Dietrich has a wallet without  
 form of identification. And when she  
 it with its \$180 in cash at Uncle  
 nie's Toy Shop in Beverly Hills, she al-  
 didn't get it back, because she  
 didn't remember where she had left it.  
 ought no one carried more than \$50 in  
 a—according to those ads for American  
 press traveling checks. . . . Amazing  
 t Steve McQueen was able to theft  
 ever So Few" from Frank Sinatra and  
 a Lollobrigida. I still can't understand  
 y Gina chose this picture for her Holly-  
 od debut. It was a good movie, but any  
 er woman could have played it. . . .  
 s the stork calling again on Marilyn  
 nroe? She usually gets pregnant after  
 orting a picture, which is the one time  
 d rather not be. . . . According to  
 te Davis, the girl with the best pos-  
 ility of being the big star of to-  
 row is Hope Lange, in private life  
 wife of Don Murray. "It's harder to  
 a star today," states Bette, "because  
 ere are no long contracts at the studios.  
 ad 18 years at Warners." It's true. Most  
 the big stars are in business for them-  
 ves these days. And they are not al-  
 ys the best judges of what picture is  
 ht for them.

Art Linkletter says he never watches  
 mself on television because he likes to  
 ink of himself as a cross between Wil-  
 am Holden and Cary Grant. . . . Spencer  
 racy had some good answers when he  
 as asked in England how old he was

and how rich. "I'm 78," said Spence  
 blithely, "and I'm paid \$300,000 every  
 Friday." That's telling 'em. . . . The Guy  
 Madison marriage went into peaceful  
 harbors when Guy acceded to wife Sheila's  
 request to join him in her career. The  
 pretty brunette married Guy before she  
 had a chance to try out her acting wings.

Danny Thomas, who insists he will not  
 be retiring from his TV series, will none-  
 theless cut down on his appearances, and  
 allow Pat Harrington to take over more  
 and more. That weekly grind, year after  
 year, gets nearly all of them. With the  
 exception of Ozzie and Harriet Nelson  
 who go rolling merrily along. . . . Dick  
 Powell didn't get a dime for appearing  
 on wife June Allyson's TV show. . . . The  
 richest from residuals star in Hollywood  
 —Gale Storm, seen on the video-cycles,  
 13 times a week. . . . It isn't all money  
 however, says Jimmy Stewart, from those  
 high sounding picture percentages, such  
 as Elizabeth Taylor's ten per cent, and  
 Brando's fifty. "Works out fine if the pic-  
 ture is a hit," says James. "But you get  
 nothing if it's a flop."

Bob Hope's vision has improved. And  
 that's good news. He says it's definite  
 about co-starring with long-time friendly  
 enemy Bing Crosby in "The Road To The  
 Moon". It's a topical subject, so I hope  
 they won't delay. . . . It was quite a sight,  
 seeing large opera star Eileen Farrell,  
 a-rockin' and a-rollin' at a night club  
 on the Hollywood Strip, with singer  
 Frances Faye. . . . Fight champ Ingemar  
 Johansson is coming back for more pic-  
 tures. This boy likes acting as much as  
 boxing. "You train for an acting role  
 like you train for a fight," says Ingemar.  
 And whatever happened to that nice Swed-  
 ish girl he was engaged to before winning  
 the world title? . . . I wish you could have  
 seen Jack Benny's face when, after accept-  
 ing by phone, the invitation to a party,  
 his host's secretary asked him, "How do  
 you spell your name?" . . . That's all for  
 now. . . . See you next month. **END**

## "My Dates With Frankie Avalon"

continued from page 33

"What on earth did you do that for?"  
 called out. "You have enough to feed  
 an army!"

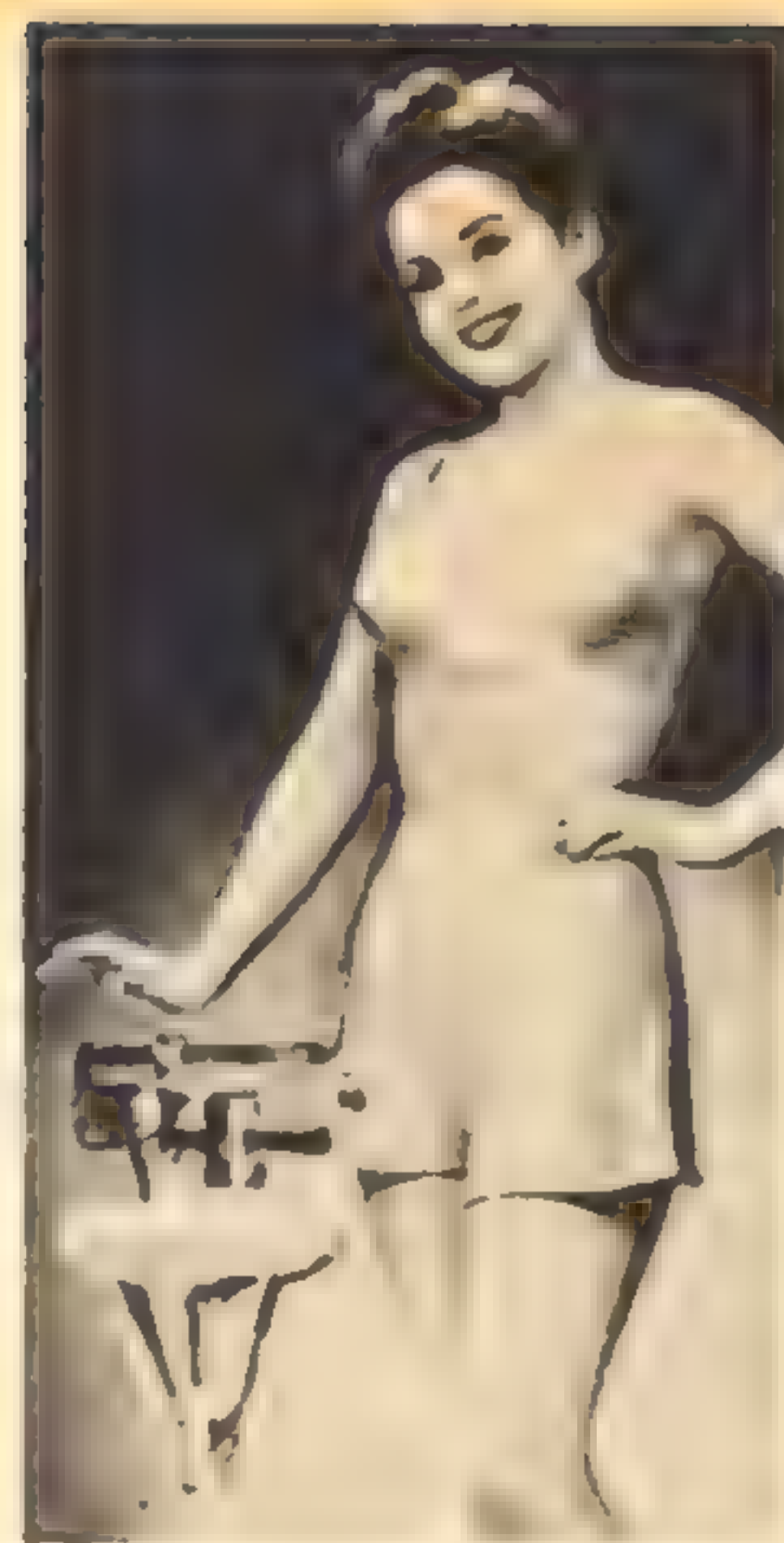
"I wasn't sure what you liked so I got  
 some of everything," he grinned.

We munched through the stuff for the  
 rest of the feature, and still had enough  
 left over to distribute to four other cars  
 on the way out. Were they surprised with  
 the hand-outs!

Frankie has acted very much the gentle-  
 man, whenever we are out together. When  
 the part after a date, he always thanks me  
 for spending the evening with him. When

he asks me for dinner to his place—with  
 Bob Marcucci always there to complete  
 the threesome, and sometimes one or two  
 other friends as well—he inquires ahead  
 of time if I like Italian food, and tells  
 me what he is going to serve, just in  
 case I might object to anything, which I  
 never have. Incidentally, while he doesn't  
 cook—Bob always takes care of that de-  
 partment most excellently—Frankie is  
 quite a connoisseur. He loves to eat well  
 and can consume enormous amounts, even  
 if it doesn't show on him!

continued on page 72



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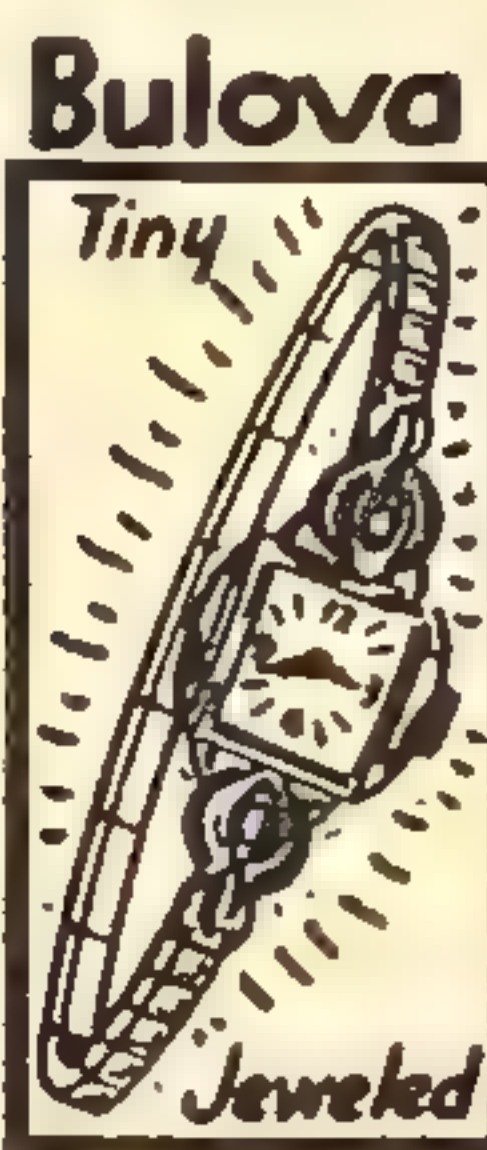
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## "MY DATES WITH FRANKIE"

continued

When we first dated, he didn't kiss me. But after a while he would give me a gentle peck on the face, without being aggressive about it. If I had objected I could have easily turned my face a little without offending him or making an issue of it. I think that's the way he wanted it to be.

I can tell Frankie is sensitive about what people say about him.

A few months ago, one of his fan club members claimed he had married her, and even conjured some sort of fake license to prove it. She also had the bad taste of calling a columnist with the information, which was promptly printed.

I thought Frankie would shrug it off as a prank. He didn't. He was very hurt about it and it was the one subject about which he wouldn't take any kidding, in spite of his otherwise wonderful sense of humor. He was in a depressed mood for days, till the girl finally admitted it was a hoax—or rather, wishful thinking on her part!

Ordinarily, Frankie doesn't get hurt easily. Since I never have any advance warning as to when he'll come to town, naturally I'm not always free when he does. And I won't break a date for anyone. He understands. Like when he called me on the night of the Academy Awards: "I'm only in town for one night. How about dinner, Marianne?"

I told him I had a date for the Academy Awards, and was sorry we didn't have an extra ticket to take him along. There was neither bitterness in his voice, nor any demand that maybe I should break my date. He simply said, "I'm sorry we can't get together. I'll call you the next time I'm in town," which he did.

Occasionally, Frankie becomes sentimental. Like the day he told about a girl in Philadelphia, whom he had dated through High School. "Was she like?" I asked, curiously.

He hesitated. "You remind me of Marianne . . ."

There was an uneasy moment, but he didn't follow it up with anything.

"Do you still see her?"

"Once in a while," he admitted.

He didn't want to talk about her more and I didn't want to pressure him but I've wondered ever since if that's one of the reasons he feels close to me. Maybe some day he'll tell me the full story.

At the same time, Frankie can be a lot of kidding. I will never forget he told me about his first screen kiss with Alana Ladd. According to Frankie he was just suppose to sort of peck her lightly on the cheek. Somehow his enthusiasm ran away with him and he really gave her the old one-two. Suddenly he noticed that Alana's father, Alan, was watching him. Frankie turned red as a beet.

"What did you do then?" I asked.

"I loudly complained there were no more takes," he grinned.

I had heard rumors about him and Alana, but in spite of the enthusiastic kissing scene, Frankie insisted it was just publicity to promote the picture. He even asked her for a date.

I have only one complaint about Frankie—that in spite of his promise he never writes or calls after he leaves. But in all fairness I can't hold it against him—for I don't either!

All considered, for two young people who neither want to get married nor steady at this time, I consider our relationship ideal.

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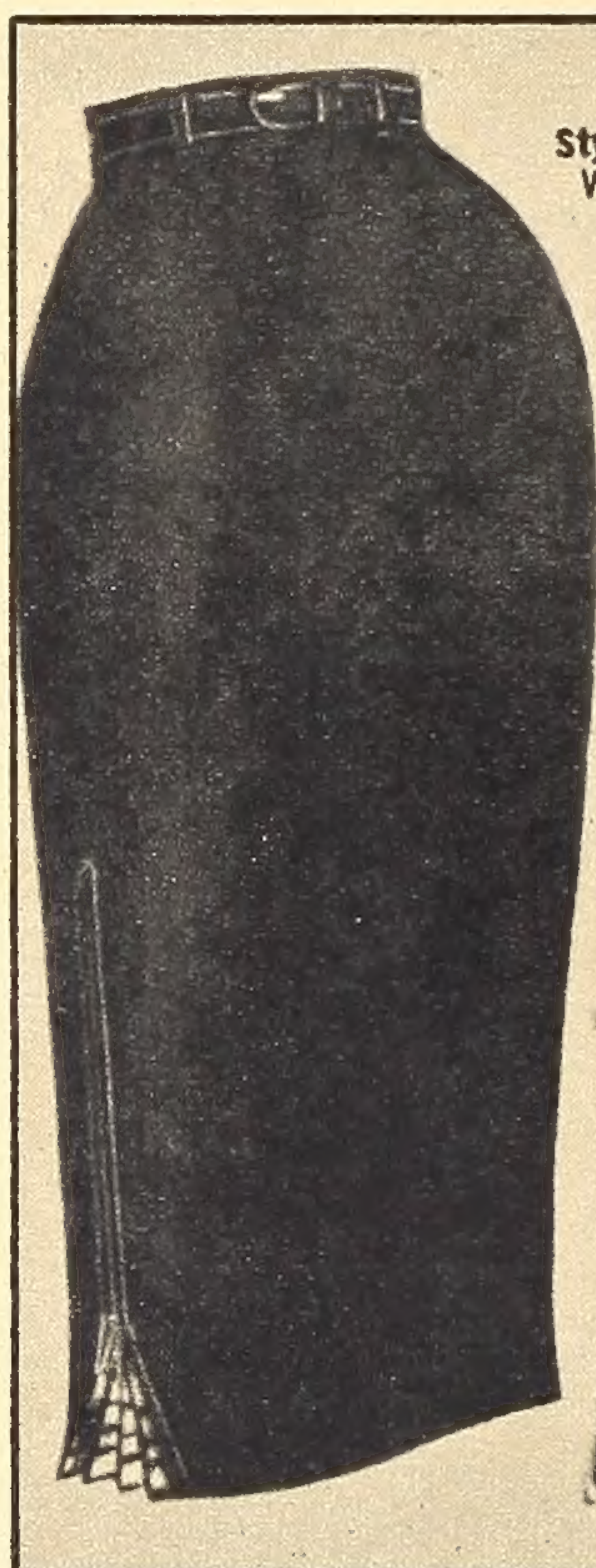


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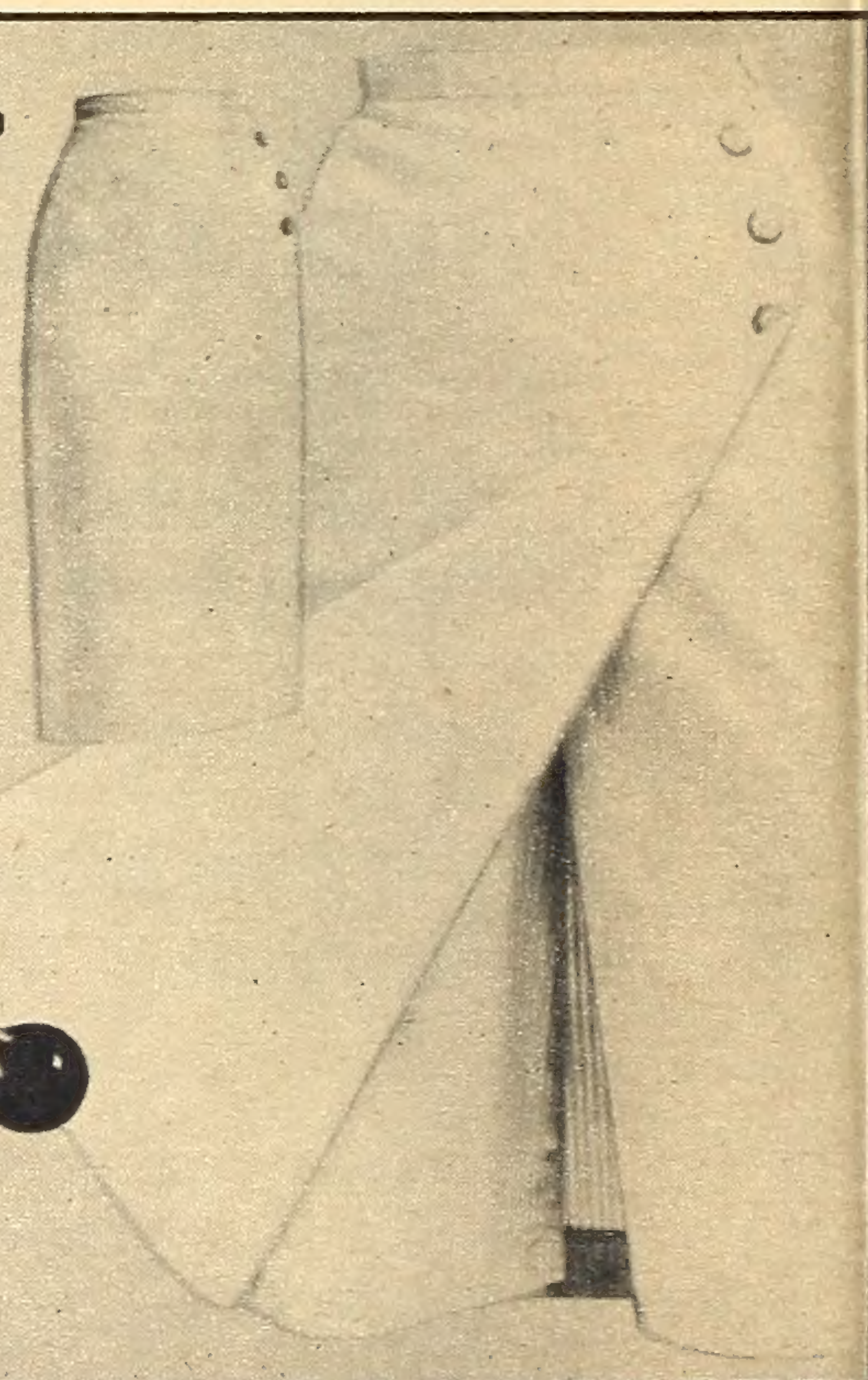
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